or the grand finale, the music swelled. Dad grabbed Mum's paws, spinning her out and pulling her back into a dramatic dip. Rusty and Digger launched themselves into simultaneous, spectacular backflips, landing perfectly on the beat, while Dusty slid right between their legs with a triumphant jazz-paws finish.

The town square absolutely erupted. Dogs of every breed howled, barked, whistled, and threw their hats into the air.

Rusty looked up at his dad, who reached down to scoop both him and Digger into a massive, tight family hug alongside Mum and Dusty. Surrounded by thousands of cheering fans in the heart of Brisbane, Rusty had never felt prouder to be a Kelpie.

If you want to keep the story going, let me know:

- What **happens right after** the dance? (e.g., they go get ice cream, Dad gives a speech, or they meet up with Bluey and Jack?)
- Do they get invited to a **bigger event or TV show** next?
- Would you like to see some **dialogue** between Rusty and his friends in the crowd?

It was evening in the city of Brisbane, pedestrians were heading back to their homes, getting ready to have dinner before they tuck themselves in for the coming night.
In the old familiar Heeler residence, Chilli was waving goodbye to her sister Brandy after she gave Bluey and Bingo two pairs of onesies and stayed over for dinner. After waving her goodbyes, Chilli turned to her daughters, who were helping their father clean up the kitchen after their dinner.
“Bluey! Bingo!” Chilli called out to them as she closed the front door behind her.
“Yes, mum?” They both said in unison.
“Would you mind if I take your onesies to get them washed?” Chilli asked.
“Sure, mum” Bluey and Bingo said in unison as they went to one of the stools in the kitchen and grabbed their onesies.

Bluey and Bingo handed their Cheetah and Zebra onesies to their mother, who then began to take them to the area where the washing machine and dryer were. The kids then continued to clean up the kitchen with their father. Bandit was washing all of the plates, cups, bowls, and silverware. He handed them to Bluey and Bingo, who were putting them in the dishwasher. After all of the dishes had been put away, Bandit closed the dishwasher after inserting a dishwasher tab into it and turned it on.

“Good job, kiddos.” Bandit said, congratulating his daughters. “Now what shall we do?”

“What about watching a bit of TV before we go to bed?” Bingo asked, her tail wagging back and forth.

Bandit thought about that for a bit. “Uh.. how about I go ahead and watch some TV, and you kids can go play with your toys before it’s time to hit the sack. What do you say?” He asked.

“Sounds great, dad!” Bluey said excitedly, her tail also beginning to wag.

As Bluey and Bingo went to the play area to play with their toys, Bandit went to the living area, and sat down on the couch. He then grabbed the remote, turned on the TV, put his hands behind his head, and sighed. Bluey and Bingo were setting up a tea party game that they were going to play before they went to bed. While they were doing so, Bluey froze and began to think back on the onesie mayhem that unfolded when her Aunty Brandy came over, her expression full of worry. Not only that, Bluey also thought about what her mother had said to her about what her Aunty Brandy wanted but never had. Bluey’s expression changed to jovial as she went to talk to her sister.

“Bingo?” Bluey asked.

“Yes, Bluey?” Bingo asked also.

“I’m gonna go and check up on mum. Would you like to finish setting up the tea party while I go check up on mum?” Bluey asked again.

“Okay, Bluey.” Bingo replied as she continued to set up the tea party.

With that, Bluey went to go see her mother, who had just finished putting her daughters’ onesies into the washing machine and filling the slots with the respective detergent and softener.

“Mum?” Bluey asked as she walked in.
“Hey, Bluey.” Chilli said cheerfully as she turned on the washing machine. “What’s up?”
“I have something to ask about Aunty Brandy.” Bluey said, her expression concerned. “I know that you said that Aunty Brandy can’t have the things she wanted because it’s not meant to be, but do you think that she will find a solution eventually?”
Chilli’s expression changed to worry as her daughter asked that question. She looked around the room, then she looked back at Bluey and sighed. She then kneeled down to Bluey, her expression changing to a warm smile.
“Bluey.” She began. “I know what I said before when Aunty Brandy came over, but,” She paused for a moment, then began to speak again. “Your Aunty Brandy is still trying to get over her condition.”
“And what is that condition?” Bluey asked curiously. “You never told me what it was.”
“That condition is known as infertility.” Chilli replied as she and Bluey walked to the front door of the house together.
“Oh.” Bluey said understandably. “And does that happen to all girls?”
“Well, not every woman gets it.” Chilli answered as she and Bluey exited the front door and sat on the front porch. “Girls first start to get that when they are in their 20s. And then, it tends to remain with them until they are in their 40s when they don't have the ability to have kids altogether.”
Bluey nodded her head as she looked back at her mother, who was staring off into the sunset. “But what if Aunty Brandy was able to get what she wanted?” She asked.
Chilli looked back at Bluey. “Well, it’ll have to take a lot of complications in order for her to finally achieve the things that she wants.” She said, “But who knows what will happen. Even though what I said before was a bit harsh, you and I will still root for Aunty Brandy to see if she finds a solution to her problems.”
Chilli pulled her daughter close to her side and stared at the sun almost receding past the horizon, the stars beginning to faintly appear as the sun slowly dipped lower and lower. Chilli and Bluey both knew that one day,

Brandy will finally be free from her troubles and will have the chance to start her own family just like Chilli.
“Mum?” Bluey asked again. “Do you also think that Aunty Brandy will find someone that is as amazing as dad?”
Chilli chuckled as she gently leaned her head on her daughter. “Well, some people don’t tend to be with a woman who is infertile, but then again, who knows?”
Bluey then leaned her head on her mother as well. They continued to stare into the sunset, thinking about Brandy and how she’ll be able to finally break free from her troubles and find her way into a more happier, loving, caring, and beautiful life and future
It was a glorious and beautiful day in Australia. The sun was shining, the air was warm, the birds were singing, and the pedestrians were having such splendid fun, whether it’s bonding with their kids, exploring parks, and hanging out with their loved ones. One particular day, in the Hammerbarn store, pedestrians were walking around the store, buying items and objects for their homes, buying plants and flowers for their greenhouses, and buying chairs to decorate their backyard porches. Meanwhile, outside of the building, there was a Shetland Sheepdog wearing the usual Hammerbarn uniform. They were directing a big 18-wheeler tractor trailer truck into one of the bay doors. His name was Shelton Sheltie. He was at an age ranging from unknown to early-to-mid 40s. He first applied for a job at the Hammerbarn store when he was in his 20s. He’s been working here for years, and he really enjoys all of it.
Shelton was giving the truck driver some guidance towards the bay door. “A little closer, mate!” He called out. “A little closer..” Then, the trailer of the truck finally lined up with the bay door. “Perfect!” Shelton said, giving the truck driver the stop signal. “That’s good!”
“Thank you, mate!” The truck driver called out as they gave Shelton a thumbs up.
Shelton returned the thumbs up to the truck driver. Then, his boss came over to him. He was a French Bulldog, who happens to be the manager of the Hammebarn store.

“Shelton.” His boss spoke. “I’m impressed with your guidance.”
“Thank you, sir.” Shelton said proudly.
“And I know that you’re busy with other things,” His boss continued, “So how about you stock the shelves, then you can do whatever you like to do before you come back. We’ll have someone else fill in for you while you’re away.”
“Sir.” Shelton said, placing a hand on his boss's shoulder. “I gladly appreciate the offer. I’ll work my hardest.”
“Good.” His boss said cheerfully. “Have a good day, Shelton.”
“Take care, sir!” Shelton called out as he watched his boss walk away.
Shelton went inside the building, then he noticed that only two shelves were not stocked yet. So with that, he got to work, stacking all of the items on the two shelves that he needed to fill. Meanwhile, Chilli’s sister Brandy Cattle entered the building. It had been one week since she came over to her sister's place to give her nieces onesies. Right now, she came over to the Hammerbarn store so she can buy some new light bulbs for her desk lamp since the old ones she had completely burned out.
“Now where can I find some good light bulbs around here?” She asked.
Brandy then noticed Shelton stocking one of the shelves. “Maybe I’ll ask one of the employees.” She decided.
She walked over to where Shelton was working and began to speak. “Hello, sir.” She said, grabbing Shelton’s attention.
“Yes?” Shelton asked as he looked over. “Oh, wow.” He said slowly as his eyes widened with admiration.
His eyes scanned all over Brandy and her appearance. She was a very lovely lady. She also had her green bag with the lemon decals on it as well. Brandy raised a brow confusingly as Shelton admired her looks.
“Uh..” Brandy said. “Sir, are you good?”
Shelton then snapped out of his lovestruck state and cleared his throat.
“Sorry about that, miss. I was suddenly entranced by your looks. Nice to see you. You’re cute, by the way.”
Brandy blushed deeply at the compliment, but she couldn’t help but smile.
“Aww, thank you, sir.” She said as she rubbed her head shyfully. “You look very handsome yourself.”

“Thank you.” Shelton replied. “Anyway, how can I help you, miss?”
“I need some new light bulbs for my desk lamp back at home.” Brandy explained. “Can you show me where they are?”
“Of course, miss.” Shelton answered. “Just follow me, and I’ll take you to where you need to go.”
As Shelton walked off, Brandy followed. As Shelton led Brandy to where the light bulbs were, he could see in her eyes that Brandy had a condition known as infertility. But he didn’t want to say it to her yet. So he continued on until they finally reached the aisle full of lamps and light bulbs.
“The light bulbs are right here, miss.” Shelton said, pointing to the light bulbs.
“Thank you so much, kind sir.” Brandy said. She began to scan through the light bulbs to see which one suited her best. After she picked the rightful ones that she liked, she put them in her bag. Then, Shelton came up to her.
“Um..” He began. “Miss?”
“Yes?” Brandy asked as she turned to face Shelton.
“I haven't caught your name yet.” Shelton said. “Do you want to share it with me?”
Brandy was a bit unsure since she never talked to strangers that she didn’t know about, but she obliged to introduce herself to Shelton just so she could get to know him more. “Sure.” She said, “My name is Brandy. Brandy Cattle. And what’s yours?”
Shelton beamed. “My name is Shelton. Shelton Sheltie. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” He said.
“Pleased to meet you too, Shelton.” Brandy replied.
Shelton then looked around, then he looked back at Brandy. “Uh.. I have something to ask you about.”
“What do you mean?” Brandy asked. “Is there something that you want to discuss?”
Shelton nodded his head. “Yes,” He said, “But that will have to wait. So how about you pay for the light bulbs first, then wait outside for me until I finish stocking the last shelf, okay?”
“Okay.” Brandy obliged. “See you outside, Shelton.”

She then walked to where the checkout was and bought her light bulbs. Then, she walked outside of the building and leaned her back up against the wall and waited for Shelton to arrive. She was curious about what Shelton wanted to ask and discuss with her. She kept that in the back of her head as she waited. After Shelton was done stocking the last shelf, he wiped the sweat off of his head, then put his hand on his hips.

“There.” He said, “All done.”

He then went to grab his blue backpack with strawberry decals and headed out the door to meet up with Brandy, who was still sitting up against the wall.

“Hey, Brandy.” Shelton greeted.

“Oh, there you are, Shelton.” Brandy said as she walked up to him. “Ready to discuss whatever it is you want to ask me?”

“Yes.” Shelton replied. He cleared his throat and began to give Brandy the promised question. “So, there’s a condition that women start to get when they reach around 20 years old. And it remains with them forever if they don’t go to a checkup. And that condition is infertility.”

Brandy’s expression frowned at the mention of the condition she had, but she continued to listen.

“And I can see it in your eyes that you have that condition.” Shelton continued, his expression slightly sad, “Brandy? Is all of this true?”

All colour drained from Brandy’s face. Her heart sank like a stone in the water as those final words of Shelton’s question went through her head. Brandy’s expression changed to sadness, and she looked away from him, not wanting to meet his gaze. Then, she looked back at Shelton, took a deep breath, and started to speak.

“Yes, Shelton.” Brandy answered, her voice tinted with sadness and grief. “It’s true. I’ve been dealing with infertility for some time now. It’s one of the reasons why I distanced myself from my family. It was awful.” She took another deep breath to regain her composure. “Do you want to sit down somewhere so I can tell you all of my story on how things went down for me?”

“Sure.” Shelton obliged softly.

They made their way down the sidewalk, where they found a nearby bench. Brandy sat down first, then Shelton sat down next to her.
“So, Brandy,” Shelton began to ask. “How did you find out about your infertility in the first place?”
Brandy took another deep breath, and began her backstory. “Well, back when I was in my 20s after my mum died of cancer, I literally had no idea that I began to have infertility. And that condition remained with me throughout the years, even when I applied for the pharmacy job as well as when I got a house for myself. And do you know the definition of infertility?” She asked as she turned her head to Shelton.
“Yes.” He replied. “It happens when a woman can’t have the ability to achieve pregnancy after unprotected you-know-what.”
“That’s right.” Brandy sighed as she dipped her head down. “I was once happy to see my sister start her own family. Her name is Chilli, by the way. But four years ago, when I went to the doctors to ask them questions on whether or not I would be able to start one of my own, they said to me that I couldn’t because of my infertile conditions. That made me feel sad.” She continued.
“Then what happened?” Shelton asked, his expression still in a state of worry.
“Well,” Brandy continued, “You know the old saying “the truth will set you free”? The truth also hurts too.” Small tears began to form in Brandy’s eyes as she continued, her voice now slowly becoming slightly sorrowful. “After I visited my sister, I revealed the truth to her that I wasn’t able to start a family like her. Then, we got into a loud, anger-tempered, fight with each other that lasted for a while, then I just left, story over, no more. And that was the end of it.” More tears began to form as Brandy got into a fetal position and sniffled. Her voice now sounded sad as she continued on. “After I got back to my home, I locked myself in my room, and I grieved so much over the fact that I couldn’t get what I wanted. There was no alcohol or smoking involved, but I still kept on crying about my situation.”

Shelton let out a slight gasp as he put his hand over his mouth. “Oh, dear.” He said. “Brandy, that’s awful. Were you able to come up with a solution in order to solve your problem?”
Brandy looked over at Shelton, her eyes still filled with tears. “No, Shelton.” She replied sadly. “I didn’t.”
Shelton gasped again, his expression now changed to concern.
Brandy then looked up into the sky, the clouds hanging overhead. “Because of the current state that I’m in, Chilli said to me that I can’t get the things I wanted.”
“And.. is there another reason why you couldn’t get what you needed because of your infertility?” Shelton asked, his voice also sounding sad, but not as sad as Brandy.
“Yes.” Brandy said, still staring at the clouds. She was staring at a specific group of clouds. Two of them were big, while the other one in the centre was small. This represented what Brandy was desperate to achieve, a family of her own. Brandy then finished answering Shelton’s question, her voice breaking down into a sobbing tone. “Because.. it’s.. not.. meant.. to be.” Brandy couldn’t hold it back any longer. She buried her face into her hands, and began to cry very hard. Her sobs were grieving, sorrowful, and heart-wrenching. The tears from her eyes ran down her cheeks like a streaming river. Shelton, seeing the awful sight of Brandy sobbing, lets out a loud gasp, his expression now in complete shock, worry, and concern.
“Aw, Brandy,” Shelton said in a sad tone as he shuffled towards her until he was close enough, “You poor little thing. Come here.” He then puts both of his hands on Brandy’s shoulders, then he begins to massage them up and down in order for Brandy to cease the crying and to calm her down. “There, there, Brandy.” Shelton said gently and comfortably. “It’s okay. Does the massaging on the shoulders help make you feel better?”
Brandy uncovered her face, tears still in her eyes, and looked back at Shelton. She sniffled, wiping her hand across her nose. “Yeah. A little bit.” She replied. “I’m very sorry. I didn’t mean to get really emotional like this.” She took some deep breaths to try and regain her composure. She finally settled after one more big deep breath. “Not having a family of my own

makes me feel like I'm missing out on one of the most important things in anyone's lives." She continued, "And seeing my sister with hers made everything harder for me to cope. And I hardly visited her family."
Shelton then stopped the shoulder massaging after Brandy finished her story. "So what did you do during those four years?" He asked again.
"I took many deep breaths to try and compose myself, then after my grieving meltdown finally ended, I continued my life of working at the pharmacy store, earning all of the money, working things out with my sister, all of that jazz." Brandy explained, her frown slightly softening.
Shelton nodded his head understandably. "Do you want me to explain my story to you?" He asked once more. "I had a different, but similar experience like you."
Brandy looked over at Shelton, her expression now filled with curiosity. "Really?" She asked. "You have? Well, what is your backstory about?"
Shelton turned his body to face Brandy, then he began to tell his backstory. "Back when I was a kid, I was still in school at the time. The school made me super happy, mainly because of my school friends. They made me feel like I was able to fit in with the school and whatnot." He explained. "But then, during the day I graduated, I was still happy since it was the final day for all of us before the last exams. But after the last exams.." He looked down at the ground before sighing sadly. "I then started to realize that everything from the school I went to, began to suddenly fall out. I never liked being isolated, so having my friends run away from me as I tried to catch up with them.." He sniffled as a tiny tear formed in his eyes. "Made things worse for me."
Brandy felt bad for Shelton after he finished his explanation about how he hated being alone. Shelton held back his sadness as a small smile began to spread across his face. His smile slowly began to beam more as he continued.
"But," Shelton said, "My parents said to me that being alone or isolated can be scary to some kids, but that's okay since it happens to every kid in the world. They said I had nothing to worry about since I still have them and my siblings." He leaned back on the bench. "And during the time when I once had an apartment, I was finally able to get over being alone or isolated. But, I

still wish to have someone or something with me, which is a pet, or someone to love and be with, or even better, raise a family." He finished.
Brandy, who was listening attentively to the entirety of Shelton's backstory, turned her body to face him. "That must have been pretty tough for you." She said, "But, yeah, you're right. Sometimes things have to change and people move on from it, but that doesn't mean that there's not more love and friendship waiting for us." Brandy smiled, feeling grateful to have someone to share their story with her. "There's always more love and friendship in the world. And it's wonderful how you got over being alone." She continued.
Shelton smiled back. "Thank you, Brandy." He said.
"Well, I should be the one saying that." Brandy insisted with a chuckle. "Your words really opened the floodgates for me. My infertility is no longer a burden, even though it's still with me."
Shelton and Brandy then looked up into the sky, the sun already painting it with shades of pink, orange, and red. Shelton looked over at Brandy, then thought of something. "Brandy? I looked up the question online about how to cure infertility," He began, "And I finally figured out the solution to your problem. The only thing that will cure an infertile woman.. is an In-Vitro Fertilization surgery, or IVF for short. And I'll be the one to take you to the doctors to get it done."
Brandy's eyes widened with surprise as she gasped at what Shelton had mentioned. She quickly turns around and puts her hands on his waist and gently squeezes him. "Shelton! Does that mean you.." She said before pausing.
"Yes, Brandy." Shelton said as he gently placed one hand on Brandy's arm. "I'll book an IVF appointment for you tomorrow, then, you'll feel like a new and improved version of yourself."
Brandy's face lit up with joy at Shelton's words. She tackled him in an embracing, tight, and comfortable hug. Shelton's back hit the bench as Brandy tackled him. He didn't expect a reaction like this from her, but his expression changed to warmth and joy as he returned the embrace to Brandy. After their embrace broke apart, they sat back up on the bench.

“Brandy? Should we exchange numbers and addresses?” Shelton asked. “I want to make sure I pick you up and take you to the hospital.”
“Of course, Shelton.” Brandy replied. “Here. I’ll write it down for you.” She grabbed out a notepad and pen from her bag.
“I’ll write mine down for you too.” Shelton said as he too grabbed out his own notepad and pen.
After a short while, they gave each other the pieces of paper that had their addresses and numbers on it, then Brandy got up from the bench and grabbed her bag.
“Well, Shelton.” Brandy said as she began to walk to a nearby bus stop, “I better get going back to my home. I really appreciate the unexpected turn of events that you led me to.”
Shelton smiled warmly as he grabbed his backpack. “Take care, Brandy. See you tomorrow.” He said as he walked back to his SUV that was parked in the parking lot.
As Brandy made her way to the bus stop, she looked back to see Shelton in his SUV drive away back to his home. She couldn’t help but feel grateful for the turn that her day had taken. As the bus arrived, she sat down on the seat that was next to one of the windows of the bus. As the bus drove to the direction of where her home was at, she set her elbow on the bus window ledge and rested her head on her hand. She already knew that she wasn’t alone in facing her struggles with infertility. The mention of the IVF surgery by Shelton had made her feel much happier than she already was. And she knew that tomorrow would be the day that everything was going to change for her. The day where she will finally break free from her troubles, and enter into a world of excitement, joy, and happiness.

The next morning arose. Brandy was asleep in her bed. She was dreaming about what things will be like for her when Shelton gives her a trip to the doctors for an IVF surgery. But when the morning sunlight began to caress her body, her eyelids began to open slightly. She yawned, stretched her arms, then she went downstairs to have some breakfast. Suddenly, her phone buzzed.

“Huh?” She said as she picked up her phone.

It was a text from none other than Shelton. The text read this:

“Good morning, Brandy. Just here to remind you that I called the doctors this morning. I asked them to book an appointment for you somewhere around lunchtime at 12:30 PM. I’ll be picking you up soon. See you there.”

Brandy smiled. She texted Shelton back, saying that she’ll be ready once lunchtime hits. After she sent the text, Brandy continued to have her breakfast, which was her usual protein cereal. As she ate, she looked out the window and stared into the sky.

“I still wonder how things will go for me once I’m there at the hospital.” She thought to herself.

After she finished her breakfast, she went upstairs to her bathroom, locked the door, and began to get herself showered up for the coming day of her IVF surgery. While Brandy was in the shower, putting her usual shampoo and conditioner in her hair as well as the body wash all over her fur, she hummed away to her heart’s content while she scrubbed and cleaned herself until she was all wet and soaking. She continued to hum away as she dried herself off with her towel and combed her fur alongside her side hairs.

Brandy sighs with content as she finishes combing her left side hairs. “Much better.” She said as she looked into the mirror.

After freshening up after breakfast, Brandy retrieved her green bag, grabbed her wallet, grabbed her keys, then went downstairs into the kitchen to retrieve her phone. Afterwards, she sat down on the living room couch and watched some television while she waited for Shelton to arrive. By the time noon came around, Brandy heard a car pulling up outside of her home. She opened up

the window blinds to see Shelton driving his SUV next to the curb and the sidewalk. Brandy then grabbed her bag and opened the front door. Shelton rolled down the window of his car.

“G’day, Brandy.” Shelton called out, cupping his right hand on his mouth while his left hand was on the steering wheel. “Ready for your surgery appointment?”

“Yes.” Brandy said as she walked over to the car, opened the door, and got into the passenger seat. She sighed contentedly as she slumped down on the seat. “I’m a little nervous about this whole thing, but I’m sure it will go well.”

As Shelton pulled out from the curb and onto the road, he spoke to Brandy about what she said about being nervous about the surgery. “Well, you know, Brandy, there’s always a risk involved when it comes to surgery. You might live, or you might die, but all that matters is that they’ll just have you sit on the chair, then they’ll do the procedure like normal after everything is prepped.”

“And how long does this kind of surgery go on for?” Brandy asked.

“Uh.. I’d say it takes about 30 minutes so it’s not that long.” Shelton replied.

“Oh.” Brandy said understandably. She then decided to change the subject of their conversation as they drew nearer to the hospital. “And uh.. What type of car is this? I’ve never seen a left-sided driver's car like this.”

“This, Brandy, is what’s known as a 2006 Chevrolet Trailblazer.” Shelton answered. “I bought this car for myself. And the crazy part? This is actually an import from America.”

“America?” Brandy questioned, amazed at the fact that Shelton shared with her. “Wow. That’s quite far from here. But doesn’t America also see Australia as an upside-down version of America?”

Shelton laughed. “Well, I’m not offended by other folks saying that Australia makes things upside-down or something, I just think it’s chuckle-worthy to me.”

Brandy laughed with him. “Yeah, I’m not offended by that either.”

As they continued to chat, their conversation and laughter filling the air, they finally made it to the hospital just 10 minutes away from Brandy’s appointment time.

“Here we are.” Shelton said as he turned the car off and took the key out of the ignition.

As they stepped out of the car, Brandy took a deep breath and exhaled softly. Then Shelton held out his hand.

“Come on, Brandy. I’ll hold your hand along the way.” He said.

Brandy felt her heart flutter as Shelton held out his hand. She couldn’t help but hold Shelton’s hand anyway. Together, hand in hand, they made their way into the hospital. One of the employees, who was a King Charles Spaniel, looked up from their desk and saw the both of them walk in.

“Hello.” They said, “Are you the one who booked the 12:30 PM appointment?”

“Yes.” Shelton replied, “But I’m not the one getting operated on.” He points to Brandy. “She is.”

“Um.. Yes.” Brandy said. “He booked the appointment for me, actually.”

“I see. And what do you, love, have that we can deal with?” The employee asked.

“I have infertility.” Brandy replied, “And I came here to ask if you can help cure me with an IVF procedure.”

The employee thought for a moment. “Come with me. I’ll take you to the surgeon's room. I’ll let them know when you’ll be coming.” They said, getting up from the chair.

As Shelton and Brandy followed the employee, the latter began to speak. “So, Shelton. I know it’s a bit of a weird question, but what’s your birthday and how old are you?”

“No, no, it’s okay.” Shelton replied. “I can share it with you. My birthday is June 17th, 1977. And I’m currently 43 years old.”

“No way!” Brandy said in amazement. “That’s my birthday too. I’m also the same age as you as well.”

Shelton laughed. “Well, what a coincidence, am I right?”

Brandy laughed too. “Yeah. And, uh.. Is there anything that you like? Like, what are your favourite hobbies, interests, or favourite things in the whole, entire world?” She asked again.

“Well,” Shelton replied, “I like to be a bit of a gamer, make some amazing art, and I’m also really athletic and acrobatic, even for my age. And my interests are reading books, machines, animation, dinosaurs, giant monsters, music, and exercising. My most favourite things in the entire world are Godzilla, Coldplay, Eragon, and live-action sitcoms that range from F.R.I.E.N.D.S, The Big Bang Theory, Seinfeld, The Office, or Parks And Recreation.”

“Wow.” Brandy said. “You have quite the taste. Well, I like to be stylish, and I also like to take the transit system a lot. Mainly because I have that anxiety that forces me to not drive a car of my own. So that’s why I always take the bus back to my home. Anyway, I also like making my own homemade foods and drinks, and I like watching sitcoms and listening to music too. Mainly the ones that you mentioned.”

“Nice.” Shelton said, giving Brandy a gentle fist bump on her shoulder.

Brandy couldn’t help but smile. Then finally, after walking down hallways and going down the elevator, they made their way to the surgeon’s room. The employee opened the doors.

“You’re just in time, miss.” They said, checking their watch.

The surgeons stood by the chair, awaiting the arrival of Brandy. “Please take a seat.” One of them said, gesturing to the surgery chair.

Brandy obliged, and sat on the chair. The surgeons leaned the chair back and lifted it up so that it can be easier to operate her. Shelton then walked over to Brandy and beamed. Brandy looked over at Shelton while the surgeons were getting the tools ready.

“What will the results say after they finish?” She asked softly.

“You’ll see soon.” Shelton replied, his voice also soft. “I won’t spoil it for you. But I’ll show you once we head outside.”

Afterwards, Shelton went out of the room and sat on one of the chairs and began to wait. One of the surgeons, who is a Chihuahua, went up to Brandy and gave her some options.

“Miss? Just so you know, the procedure will not result in you getting pregnant, but you will still have fresh and fertilized sperm eggs inserted into your system that will still give you the ability to achieve pregnancy.” They explained.

“I understand.” Brandy replied. “I just hope the results will be good.”

“They will.” The Chihuahua surgeon said. “We’ll call in your friend and let him know that the results will be ready.”

With that, the surgeons began the IVF procedure on Brandy. They did the usual way of doing the ovarian stimulation, egg retrieval, fertilization, and so on and so forth, but since they still inserted fresh sperm eggs into Brandy’s systems, they still prevented her from becoming pregnant, yet still giving her the ability to achieve it. The procedure only took 30 minutes, and by the time they were done, one of the surgeons came into the room where Shelton was waiting in, and ushered him in.

“Sir?” They whispered. “The results are being printed.”

Shelton, grinning with pride, followed the surgeon into the surgeon's room, and there, they handed Shelton the results. Shelton read every detail, nodding at the requirements that are given after the procedure. His eyes widened at what one of the details said. It said that they have managed to give the fresh and fertilized sperm eggs a treatment that will stay in Brandy's systems for a whole year and 35 extra days, making it 400 days.

"Oh, my goodness." Shelton said, putting his hand on his mouth before smiling. "I didn't think that it was possible for you to do something like this."

"Well, sir." One of the surgeons said, "We thought that it would be a good idea to give those fresh and fertilized sperm eggs that ability to stay in the systems of your pal for that long. We also ran some experiments on this treatment while we purchased them from the sperm donor. So far, the treatment will go well."

"Thank you for the explanation, sir." Shelton replied. "And I'll still remember to make sure I give my friend all of the recommended things that are listed in order to prevent any problems from ever occurring."

"Thank you for your cooperation, sir." The surgeon said to Shelton, the latter of which rolled up the result paper and held it in his hand. "And since you were the one that booked the appointment for your friend, you'll have to pay."

"Okay." Shelton said, raising a brow curiously. "How much is it?"

"8000 AU dollars." Replied the surgeon.

"Hmm. Yeah, I can pay for that kind of money." Shelton said, "After all, I did earn a lot of money from a lottery ticket."

After Shelton paid for the 8000 AU dollar fee and thanked the surgeons, he went over to Brandy, who had just got up from the chair that she was sitting on.

“I got the result paper.” Shelton said, “I’ll show you what it says once we get to the car.”

Brandy nodded in silence. As they walked out of the hospital, they finally made their way to the car.

“So?” Brandy began. “Do you want to show it to me now?”

“Sure.” Shelton said as he unrolled the paper and handed it to Brandy.

Brandy looked all over the result paper, her eyes scanning each word as she nodded her head understandably at the important details as well as the results of giving her the ability to achieve pregnancy. But once she got to the sperm egg treatment part, she gasped in shock. Usually, the sperm after an IVF surgery lasts for 4 to 5 days, but once she read that the fresh and fertilized sperm eggs will remain in her body for 400 days, this made her squeal in excitement.

“Oh, my goodness!” Brandy exclaimed happily. “This is wonderful!”

“So what do you think?” Shelton asked as Brandy handed the result paper back to him.

“This is wonderful, Shelton.” Brandy said, her eyes filling with tears of happiness. “In all my life, I’ve dreamed of wanting to start a family of my own, and now I finally have the ability to achieve pregnancy! But the whole sperm egg treatment is what really made me happy.”

Brandy then let out a sigh of contentment. She was happy that she was finally able to have the ability to achieve pregnancy, and it was all thanks to Shelton. Brandy's expression then turned to sly. Shelton didn't know what that meant, but Brandy was about to give him a big surprise.

"You know, Shelton." Brandy said slowly and softly as she walked up to him. "I want to give you something as a way of thanking you for helping me achieve the things that I wanted so bad in my whole life."

"What do you mean?" Shelton asked as he leaned back on his SUV. "What is it that you want to give me?"

Brandy then reached her hands out and gently squeezed Shelton's shoulders. "This." Brandy replied slyly.

"Wait." Shelton said, getting a bit nervous. "What are you-"

Shelton's sentence was cut off by Brandy pulling him close to her face and her soft lips pressing against his own in a tender and cherishing kiss. Shelton's eyes widened at the sudden moment, but then his eyelids began to close as he melted into the cherishing lip-to-lip embrace. Then, Shelton closed his eyes and returned the kiss to Brandy, pouring all of his love and devotion into her. As Brandy and Shelton continued their makeout session, their hands gently and slowly caressing each other's bodies in a smooth motion, they finally broke their lips apart from each other. The two of them stared into each other's eyes after their first ever kiss.

"Woah." Shelton said, his voice sounding a bit dazed from what Brandy did. "That felt amazing."

Brandy giggled at Shelton's reaction. "I just thought I'd give you that." She said, "You really did a good job helping me achieve the things that I wanted. From what my sister said, I thought that it

wasn't meant to be, but thanks to you, I am forever grateful.." Brandy then put her mouth up to Shelton's ear. "My saviour." She whispered.

Shelton grinned as Brandy's words flowed into his ears. "You are truly welcome, you wonderful woman." He said softly.

Brandy blushed at the compliment, giggling again.

"And I have something planned for the both of us for tomorrow night." Shelton continued.

"Wow." Brandy said, "Already?"

"Yep." Shelton replied. "And I'll tell you all about it tomorrow the next time I text you." He then opened the door of his SUV and got into the driver's seat. He watched as Brandy got into the passenger seat and buckled the seat belt. As Shelton began driving Brandy back to her place, Brandy began to speak up again.

"I gotta say, Shelton." She said happily. "That IVF wasn't all that bad. I'm not an expert in doctor related things since I only work as a pharmacist, but how long does it usually take for the sperm eggs to stay in the body after IVF?"

"4 to 5 days." Shelton replied. "But because they ran some experiments, the treatment of having the sperm eggs stay in a woman's system for a whole year or longer worked amazingly well."

Brandy nodded her head. "Yeah, I never knew that something like that was feasible until now." She said as she leaned her head back on the seat.

As the both of them continued to chat, they finally arrived at Brandy's house. She grabbed her bag and got out of the car, closing the door behind her. Shelton then rolled down the window so he could speak to Brandy again.

"Thank you again, Shelton, for everything that I have ever wanted." Brandy cheerfully said.

"No problem." Shelton said back. "And I'll think of what we can do for tomorrow night for the next time we meet."

Brandy blew a kiss to Shelton and waved. "See you later, handsome." She said happily.

"See you later, baby." Shelton said also while he gave Brandy the finger gun.

Brandy chuckled as she watched Shelton drive off back to his home. Afterwards, she got back into her house, cooked herself some dinner, cleaned up the kitchen, then got back into her bed. It had been quite a day for Brandy. She couldn't help but still feel extremely grateful for Shelton giving her the things that she was desperate to get, the ability to achieve pregnancy, the soon-to-be chance of starting her own family, and the inclusion of making a brand new friend. The thought about Shelton's planned night-out was kept in her head. She was not sure about what it would be, but she still felt happy about the fact that she was finally able to break free from the dark world of infertility, and finally able to be brought into a brighter and happier world with a new friend, and the soon-to-be family that she will soon have.

It's here, folks. The second chapter to my fanfic has been released.

Now I know that Shelton and Brandy's birth dates have not been confirmed, more specifically Brandy's, but I thought that I would throw that in there as my own speculation.

And for the bit about the sperm eggs staying in a woman's systems for 400 days after an IVF is impossible to do in real life, I just think that I would include that number of days because I want the have Shelton and Brandy hang out with each other more during this story.

In the *Bluey* episode "Dance Mode," Chilli and Bandit do not want to dance in public primarily due to **social embarrassment and the pressure of breaking public norms**. [1, 2]

While they initially play along with the game, they actively try to avoid it later in the episode for a few distinct reasons: [1, 2, 3]

Reasons They Avoided Dance Mode

- **Public Embarrassment**: Breaking into spontaneous, silly dancing in front of strangers pushes them far outside their adult comfort zones. Chilli is visibly embarrassed when forced to dance across a busy pedestrian crosswalk, and Bandit gets heavily judged by onlookers—such as an annoyed dog who tells him to stop and a post office worker who stares blankly at him. [1, 2, 3]
- **Massive Crowd Size**: When Bingo prepares to activate Dance Mode outside a busy square, Chilli and Bandit look out at a massive, packed crowd of people watching a street busker. The sheer scale of the audience gives both parents sudden stage fright ("cold feet"). [1]
- **Transactional Parenting (The "Rookie Error")**: Because Bandit accidentally ate Bingo's last chip, the parents offer "Dance Mode" as a way to buy back her forgiveness. Instead of genuinely participating in the spirit of play, they initially view the dances as a chore or penalty they want to bribe their way out of.[1, 2, 3]

The Turning Point

The parents only overcome their hesitation when they realize they have been inadvertently silencing Bingo by begging or trying to buy her out of her turns. To show Bingo that her voice truly matters, Bandit loudly announces to the massive crowd, "*Ladies and gentlemen: I'm doing this for my kid!*" Before launching into a full public dance routine alongside Chilli and Bluey. [1, 2, 3, 4]

If you love dissecting Heeler family dynamics, I can also break down **how Bingo's feelings tie into the moral of the episode** or share **other times Bandit and Chilli had to embarrass themselves for a game**. Which would you like to explore?

I find it kind of odd that Bandit and Chilli rejected the Dance Mode in the place that makes the most sense to do it when they had no second thought with committing to it in the crosswalk/front of the post office line.

In the *Bluey* episode where Bandit and Chilli reject the dance mode, some say that it was because: * **Embarrassment** Chilli was embarrassed and not thrilled

Reddit

What episode do you think had both good and bad parenting from ...

Only criticism I have with Bandit's strategy is that he should've taken better care not to risk waking up Bingo. ... Todos hablan de bandit en dance mode pero p...

Reddit

Dance Mode: social norms, play laws, and value dissonance. : r/bluey

And which the game explicitly makes one reject. And she does it with pleasure. Now, the bigger question is, what part of the audience is drawing pleasure from i...

Reddit

Dance Mode | Bluey Wiki - Fandom

To make it up to her, Chilli and Bandit tell her to name her price, so Bluey suggests a game called Dance Mode, which is having people dance on command. Bandit

Bluey Wiki

"Could you stop dancing?" Look mate, Bandit is a main character ...

Comments Section ... he can dance if he wants to. He can leave his friends behind. ... Cause his friends don't dance, and if they don't dance, then they're no

Reddit

#2.20 Dancemode — Bluey Recaps

To make it up to her, Chilli and Bandit tell her to name her price (rookie error) - Dancemode! Bandit explains that she only has 3 Dancemode's to use as they st...

Bluey Recaps

Dance Mode | Bluey Fanon Wiki | Fandom

Plot. Bandit has eaten Bingo's last chip! So in order to get him back, she decides to play Dance Mode, a game where flicking someone's tail when there's music a...

Bluey Fanon Wiki

Dance Mode/Script - Bluey Wiki

Bandit: Ladies and gentlemen: I'm doing this for my kid! Bingo slaps her hand down, flipping down all of their tails. Bingo: Dance Moooode! Bandit, Chilli, and

Bluey Wiki

the Dance Mode episode always irritates me, simply for the fact that ...

The “sheep dog” episode is so annoying for multiple reasons. Main one being Bandit and Chili aren't on the same page at all. Bluey keeps deliberately disobeying...

Facebook

You said: If you love dissecting Heeler family dynamics, I can also break down how Bingo's feelings tie into the moral of the episode

If you love dissecting Heeler family dynamics, I can also break down how Bingo's feelings tie into the moral of the episode

June 29, 2026

3 sites

In "Dance Mode," Bingo's feelings are the absolute core of the episode, serving as a powerful lesson about **assertiveness** and **how easily a child's voice can be accidentally drowned out** by louder family members.

Here is how Bingo's emotional journey shapes the moral of the story:

The "Yes" That Meant "No"

Bingo is a natural people-pleaser who frequently gives up her own desires to keep her family happy. Throughout the episode, she repeatedly says "yes" to letting others take her Dance Mode turns (or letting her dad buy her out of them), but her body language shows she is actually sad and disappointed. She agrees because she feels pressured by her high-energy sister, Bluey, and her desperate parents. [1, 2]

The Hidden Lesson on Consent and Agency

The episode introduces a crucial concept for young kids: **an inside voice versus an outside voice**. [1]

- **The Problem**: Bingo's "outside voice" says yes, but her "inside voice" is hurting.
- **The Realization**: Chilli realizes the family has been unintentionally bullying Bingo into giving up her power. She tells Bluey that when someone is pushed into saying yes when they actually mean no, it isn't a real choice.

Why the Public Dance Matters

The climax in the crowded square isn't just about Bandit and Chilli overcoming embarrassment; it is about **restoring Bingo's agency**.

When Bingo finally finds her "outside voice" and boldly activates Dance Mode in front of the massive crowd, her parents enthusiastically jump in. By dancing wildly in public, Bandit and Chilli show Bingo that her voice holds immense power—enough to make the adults drop their pride completely just to make her feel heard and valued. [1]

If you want to keep exploring the show, I can break down **other episodes where Bingo has to learn to speak up** (like *Yoga Ball*), or we can look at **how Bluey learns to be a better big sister**. Which direction would you like to take?

Speaking and Silence

In Dance Mode (s2 e1), Bingo's family keep prompting her to say “yes” to things when she really doesn't want to. By the end of the episode, her mom has realized...

The Occuplaytional Therapist

I relate to bingo so much. : r/bluey

Dance mode : Bingo has people pleasing tendencies and so do I! I can't tell you how many times I have wanted to say no but my outside voice has said yes.

Reddit

In ‘Dance Mode’ (Bluey, Season 2, ep 1) Chilli notices that it can be hard to speak up when you feel like you have a small voice. She oh-so-gently asks Bingo if her outside voice is saying ‘yes’ when her inside voice is saying ’no’. This is an experience we no doubt ALL relate to (remember that time you said you’d volunteer at the canteen/ sign up as Manager of your kiddos soccer team/ take on the extra project at work despite being stretched thing already!?). It’s one our kids will too. For some it can be about feeling nervous to speak up, but for others, it can represent something far more problematic. Watching this ep with your little love can be a gentle, but important way to open up this conversation and get them thinking about what their inside voice REALLY wants to say. ✨ #childpsych #peoplepleasing #fawnresponse #bluey #highlysensitivechild #empath #highlysensitiveperson #hsp #empathstruggles

In 'Dance Mode' (Bluey, Season 2, ep 1) Chilli notices that it can be hard to speak up when you feel like you have a small voice. She oh-so-gently asks Bingo if...

Instagram

In ‘Dance Mode’ (Bluey, Season 2, ep 1) Chilli notices that it can be hard to speak up when you feel like you have a small voice. She oh-so-gently asks Bingo if her outside voice is saying ‘yes’ when her inside voice is saying ’no’. This is an experience we no doubt ALL relate to (remember that time you said you’d volunteer at the canteen/ sign up as Manager of your kiddos soccer team/ take on the extra project at work despite being stretched thing already!?). It’s one our kids will too. For some it can be about feeling nervous to speak up, but for others, it can represent something far more problematic. Watching this ep with your little love can be a gentle, but important way to open up this conversation and get them thinking about what their inside voice REALLY wants to say. ✨ #childpsych #peoplepleasing #fawnresponse #bluey #highlysensitivechild #empath #highlysensitiveperson #hsp #empathstruggles

In 'Dance Mode' (Bluey, Season 2, ep 1) Chilli notices that it can be hard to speak up when you feel like you have a small voice. She oh-so-gently asks Bingo if...

Instagram

You said: or we can look at how Bluey learns to be a better big sister

or we can look at how Bluey learns to be a better big sister

June 29, 2026

17 sites

Bluey’s journey as a big sister is one of the most realistic depictions of sibling dynamics on television. She loves Bingo fiercely, but she is also naturally dominant, highly imaginative, and prone to taking over their games. [1, 2, 3]

Over multiple episodes, Bluey goes through a distinct learning curve to become a more supportive and empathetic big sister. [1]

Moving From Dominance to Compromise

- **Learning to Share Control (*Dance Mode* & *Verandah Santa*)**: In *Dance Mode*, Bluey learns that her high-energy personality can accidentally steamroll Bingo. In *Verandah Santa*, she learns a similar lesson about boundaries when she plays too rough and ignores Bingo's clear signs of discomfort, later apologizing and adjusting her behavior to make Bingo feel safe. [1]
- **Slowing Down for Her Sister (*Bike* & *Butterflies*)**: In *Butterflies*, Bluey leaves Bingo behind to play a faster game with an older kid, Judo. After seeing how deeply this hurts Bingo, Bluey experiences intense guilt. She makes amends by dedicating a game entirely to Bingo, learning that protecting her sister's feelings is more important than keeping up with older kids. [1, 2, 3]

Becoming Bingo's Protector and Cheerleader

- **Advocating for Bingo's Needs (*Yoga Ball*)**: When Bandit plays too rough with Bingo, Bingo struggles to speak up. Once Bluey understands that Bingo is genuinely scared rather than just playing along, she actively helps Bingo find her "big girl voice" to tell their dad to slow down. [1, 2, 3, 4, 5]
- **Stepping Back to Let Bingo Shine (*Bin Night* & *Handstand*)**: In *Bin Night*, Bluey acts as a gentle sounding board while Bingo processes being bullied at school, offering comfort without taking over. In *Handstand*, while the rest of the adults are distracted, Bluey is the one who stops to appreciate Bingo's hard work, validating her sister's achievements. [1, 2, 3]

Learning From Her Own Mistakes

The beauty of Bluey’s growth is that it is not instant. She still gets bossy, but her recovery time is faster. She has learned to read Bingo's subtle cues—like dropping ears or a quiet voice—and is now quick to ask, "Are you okay, Bingo?" instead of pressing forward with her own agenda. [1]

If you would like to keep analyzing sibling dynamics, we can look at **how Chilli and Brandy's relationship mirrors Bluey and Bingo**, or look at **episodes where Bingo actually has to take charge of Bluey**. Which would you like to explore next? [1, 2]

The Surprisingly Mature Lessons of ‘Bluey’

The show celebrates imaginative play and Bluey's boundless energy, as her parents do their best to keep up with her fanciful improvisations (particularly Bandit...

A

The Atlantic

BLUEY: Season One

Though episodic, BLUEY is still consistent in its characters and themes. Most episodes follow Bluey, and her sister Bingo, playing around with their Dad, lettin...

Movieguide

The main character doesn’t get as much love as she should on here. What do you like about her? : r/bluey

I think Bluey is a natural leader. She gets called bossy a lot but doesn't nearly as often get credited for how good she is at finding solutions that suit the w...

Reddit

16 times ‘Bluey’ reminded us of gospel truths—and not just for kids

God's Love In “Butterflies,” Bluey and her friend Judo get frustrated with Bingo for being so little and taking so long to play their game. But after witnessing...

L

LDS Living

Bluey’s “Verandah Santa” is the Best Cartoon for Christmas

Also when they (Muffin and Bluey) play Verandah Santa, Bluey accepted Bingo's sorry just so Santa would see her as a nice child. It was all easy at first, tho...

Medium

Bluey: Butterflies eBook : Penguin Young Readers Licenses

Bluey, Bingo, and Judo are playing Butterflies! But when Judo and Bluey leave Bingo behind to play another game, Bingo is heartbroken. Can Bluey make it up to h...

Amazon.ca

Rate the episode: Butterflies (S1E15) : r/bluey

She (Bluey) returns to the swing and apologises to Bingo. At first she claims that Judo made her run, but realises she actually didn't; Bluey HERSELF decided

Reddit

Bluey (TV Series 2018–)

Butterflies Playing 'Butterflies' in the backyard is great fun. The game goes on, until Bluey runs away with Judo, leaving Bingo all alone. Now poor Bingo's hea...

IMDb

Life Lessons from Bluey | Philippines Mommy Family Blog

It's okay to speak up. Or in the case of Bingo in the episode “Yoga Ball,” let out a big girl bark. When Bluey and Bingo play with Bandit's office yoga ball, Bi...

familist.ph

Which Episode Made You Feel Sorry for Bluey the Most? : r/bluey

More likely than not, what they actually meant was just that Bingo was probably being much less of a menace that day, and they liked how it worked out that Blue...

Reddit

No pressure... just recreating one of the most beloved cartoon pups ever! 💙🧡 @officialbluey We're massive Bluey fans in this house, and after countless requests from my Bugs for a Bluey pancake, I finally gave it a go. With such an iconic character, I definitely didn't want to get this one wrong!🧡💙 Bluey is a family fave that we never get tired of watching or reading about together!🧡💙 From giggles with Bingo to life lessons from Bandit, every episode (and book!) is pure magic.💙🧡 @penguinkids @penguinrandomhouse @randomhousekids Imaginative play? ✔️ Sweet sibling moments? ✔️ Parenting goals? ✔️ Endless replays? ✔️✔️✔️ Anyone else have a house that runs on Bluey quotes and Keepy Uppy? 🎈🎈 Head to my stories for these Bluey books. 💙🧡💙🧡 Follow for more fun Books With Breakfast, Sunday Shelfies and everyday Mom life.🫶🫶 #book #booklover #bookstagram #kidsbooks

Bingo learns to use her big girl bark and let others know when something is to rough for her. A great story to teach kids it's okay to speak up for themselves.

Instagram

Bluey Season 2, Episode 5 | Hairdressers

Bingo has ideas but can't get them out quick enough and Bluey keeps talking over the top of her. Mum points this out to Bluey and encourages her to “use her ear...

Bluey Official Website

Get Ready for ‘Bluey’ Season 3 on Disney+ With These Fan-Favorite Episodes

In “Bin night,” we watch week-by-week as Dad and the girls bring the bins out at night, and Mum sits with them outside in the morning when the garbage truck com...

Pregnancy & Newborn

Some of the times that Bluey has made me cry like a wee little baby. How bout you? : r/bluey

Bin Night is another one for me. With Bingo being so sad about being bullied and how Bandit comforts her. And then at the end when Bluey says she will invent so...

Reddit

Handstand | Bluey Wiki | Fandom

Handstand is the forty-fifth episode of Season Two of Bluey. Bingo tries to impress the people at her party with a Handstand, but they're too distracted, And Na...

Bluey Wiki

Bandit and Chili have boundary issues : r/bluey

Bluey is literally just a big sister. My big sister was the exact same way, and even though now she's 30 and I'm 28 she is still the same way lol. She definitel...

Reddit

Bingo : r/bluey

I mean to me Bingo always seemed more alike to her mum, and Bluey to her dad (both in resemblance and temperament), so maybe Brandy sees Bingo as more of a symb...

Reddit

No pressure... just recreating one of the most beloved cartoon pups ever! 💙🧡 @officialbluey We're massive Bluey fans in this house, and after countless requests from my Bugs for a Bluey pancake, I finally gave it a go. With such an iconic character, I definitely didn't want to get this one wrong!🧡💙 Bluey is a family fave that we never get tired of watching or reading about together!🧡💙 From giggles with Bingo to life lessons from Bandit, every episode (and book!) is pure magic.💙🧡 @penguinkids @penguinrandomhouse @randomhousekids Imaginative play? ✔️ Sweet sibling moments? ✔️ Parenting goals? ✔️ Endless replays? ✔️✔️✔️ Anyone else have a house that runs on Bluey quotes and Keepy Uppy? 🎈🎈 Head to my stories for these Bluey books. 💙🧡💙🧡 Follow for more fun Books With Breakfast, Sunday Shelfies and everyday Mom life.🫶🫶 #book #booklover #bookstagram #kidsbooks

Dad is busy, but Bluey and Bingo still want to play. Dad plays a variety of silly, short games with them in between work, but Bingo feels a little sad. Bingo le...

Instagram

BLUEY: Season One

She (Bluey) gets first dibs on the toys they (Bingo and Bluey) use, or be the one to define the rules. Many episodes consist in Bluey ignoring Bingo's reque...

Movieguide

You said: bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle

bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle

July 4, 2026

Here’s your generated image.

I can tweak this scene for you if you'd like! Let me know if you want to:

- Change the **location** (like a beach, a park, or a concert stage)
- Add specific **dance moves** or funny poses for Bandit and Chilli
- Adjust the **crowd's reaction** or add specific characters in the audience

How would you like to customize the dance party?

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

You said: bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle fanfic

bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle fanfic

July 4, 2026

The music from the street busker’s bagpipes roared to a crescendo, echoing off the buildings of the crowded pedestrian mall.

For a split second, Bandit and Chilli froze. A massive ring of onlookers—dozens of dogs of every breed imaginable—had stopped dead in their tracks. Grocers, shoppers, post office workers, and tourists all stared intently at the center of the square.

Bingo stood proudly with her hands on her hips, her tiny thumb firmly pressing down on her imaginary "Dance Mode" button. She looked up at her parents, her eyes gleaming with absolute triumph. Her outside voice had spoken.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Bandit yelled to the crowd, his voice cracking slightly as he threw caution to the wind. "I'm doing this for my kid!"

With a wild grin, Bandit launched into action. He dropped to the pavement, performing a hilariously uncoordinated breakdance freeze, kicking his heels into the air. The crowd gasped, and then a ripple of chuckles erupted.

Chilli didn't hesitate. Shaking off the last remnants of her adult embarrassment, she leaped into the circle alongside him. She began doing a high-energy, classic 80s lawnmower dance, pumping her arms with fierce determination.

Bluey squealed with delight, jumping in to join them. She grabbed her dad's paws, spinning him around in a dizzying circle while executing her signature "floss" dance moves.

Seeing her whole family completely letting go just for her, Bingo’s face lit up. She stepped into the very center of the ring, shaking her tail waggingly and jumping to the rhythm of the music.

The atmosphere in the square instantly shifted. The initial stunned silence vanished, replaced by an absolute roar of approval.

"Go on, mate! Show 'em how it's done!" a burly Bulldog near the front shouted, throwing his hands in the air.

A group of teenagers at the back started rhythmically clapping to the beat of the bagpipes. High-pitched whistles pierced through the air as a Poodle and a Golden Retriever cheered at the top of their lungs. Strangers were smiling, laughing, and nudging each other, completely captivated by the pure, unadulterated joy of the Heeler family dance-off.

Bandit scooped Bingo up onto his shoulders, and she raised her arms like a champion, waving to the cheering stadium of everyday citizens. For the first time all day, nobody was trying to buy her out, nobody was rushing her, and nobody was drowning out her voice.

The crowd broke into a massive round of applause, whistling and stomping their paws as the song finally came to an end.

If you want to keep this fanfic going, let me know:

- What **happens right after the dance** ends?
- How does **the grumpy dog who judged Bandit earlier** react now?
- Do they **celebrate with ice cream or chips** afterward?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

You said: bingo having a severe headache and falling very hard on the floor fanfic

bingo having a severe headache and falling very hard on the floor fanfic

July 5, 2026

The lively atmosphere of the pedestrian mall seemed to vanish in an instant.

One second, Bingo was laughing on her dad's shoulders, waving to the cheering crowd. The next, a sharp, blinding pain slammed into the back of her head like a physical blow. The cheerful drone of the bagpipes suddenly sounded deafening, screeching through her ears, and the bright afternoon sunlight felt violently piercing.

"Daddy..." Bingo whimpered, her voice completely swallowed by the roaring applause around them.

She squeezed her eyes shut, clutching her head with both paws as a wave of intense dizziness washed over her. The world tilted violently. Before Bandit could even register that she was tense, Bingo’s grip slipped.

She tumbled from his shoulders, completely losing her balance.

Thud.

The sound of her hitting the hard concrete floor was devastatingly loud. She landed heavily on her side, her limbs tangled, entirely unable to brace her own fall because of the blinding pressure behind her eyes.

"Bingo!" Chilli screamed, the maternal instinct overriding everything else as she dropped to her knees beside her youngest daughter.

The cheering crowd instantly went dead silent. The circle of onlookers pressed back, gasping, their joyful expressions turning to sudden shock and worry. The street busker stopped playing mid-note, leaving only the sound of heavy breathing in the square.

Bandit was on the ground a millisecond later, his heart hammering against his ribs. "Bingo? Bingo, look at me, sweetie. Where hurts?"

Bingo lay curled in a tight ball on the pavement, her small frame trembling. She kept her eyes locked tightly shut, her paws pressed desperately against her temples as if she could physically hold the pain inside. A quiet, strained sob escaped her throat.

"My head," she whispered, her voice tiny and choked with tears. "Everything is too loud, Daddy. It hurts so bad."

Chilli gently placed a hand on Bingo's shoulder, her face pale with concern. "Bandit, she fell really hard. We need to get her out of the sun right now."

Bandit carefully gathered his small daughter into his arms, lifting her against his chest as gently as he could. Bingo immediately buried her face deep into his blue fur, trying to block out the harsh daylight.

"Excuse us—please, let us through," Bandit said, his usual playful voice replaced by a firm, anxious urgency. The crowd parted instantly, full of sympathetic and worried murmurs, making a wide path for the family as they hurried away from the square.

If you want to continue this story, let me know what should happen next:

- Do they **take Bingo to a quiet spot or a doctor** to check on her head?
- How does **Bluey try to comfort her little sister** while she is hurting?
- What **turns out to be causing** Bingo's sudden headache?

Let me know how you'd like to proceed.

> **You said: Do they take Bingo to a quiet spot or a doctor to check on her head?How does Bluey try to comfort her little sister while she is hurting?**

> Do they take Bingo to a quiet spot or a doctor to check on her head?How does Bluey try to comfort her little sister while she is hurting?

> July 5, 2026

"We need to get her to a doctor," Chilli said, her eyes fixed on how tightly Bingo was squeezing her head. "That was a terrible fall, and this headache came out of nowhere."

Bandit nodded tightly, keeping Bingo cradled securely against his chest. "Right. There’s a medical clinic just past the chemist down the block. Let’s move."

As they hurried down the sidewalk, the busy sounds of the city felt overwhelming. Bluey trotted close to her mom’s side, her tail tucked completely between her legs. Her wide eyes kept darting down to her little sister, who was trembling in their dad's arms. The excitement of the dance party was entirely gone, replaced by a heavy, frightening quiet.

They burst through the glass doors of the clinic, grateful for the sudden air conditioning and the dim, calm atmosphere of the waiting room. Chilli rushed straight to the reception desk while Bandit gently laid Bingo down across a soft vinyl couch in a quiet corner.

Bingo immediately curled back into a ball, burying her face into the cushions to hide from the fluorescent ceiling lights. A soft, painful whimper escaped her.

Bluey stepped up to the edge of the couch. Seeing Bingo look so small and helpless made her throat feel tight. She wanted to play, she wanted to fix it, but she knew she couldn’t be loud. Remembering what her mom always did when she was sick, Bluey sat down cross-legged on the floor right next to Bingo’s head.

"Hey, Big Squirter," Bluey whispered softly, using her favorite nickname in the quietest voice she could manage.

Bingo didn't move, but her ears twitched slightly at the sound of her sister's voice.

Bluey reached out and gently placed her paw on Bingo’s back, rubbing slow, soothing circles just like Chilli did during bad dreams. "You're okay. We're at the doctor's now. It's really quiet here."

With her other paw, Bluey reached into her small pocket and pulled out her favorite prop from earlier in the day—a shiny, colorful toy stethoscope she had been carrying around. She gently laid it right next to Bingo’s hand.

"I'm keeping guard," Bluey murmured, leaning her head against the edge of the couch. "Nobody is going to be loud around you. I promise."

Bingo reached out a trembling paw, her fingers brushing against the toy, before pulling it close to her chest. She didn't open her eyes, but her breathing slowed down just a little bit, comforted by her sister's steady, quiet presence.

A moment later, a nurse in green scrubs walked out into the waiting area, looking gently toward the family. "Bingo Heeler? The doctor is ready to check on that bump."

If you want to finish the story, let me know:

- What **the doctor says** about Bingo's head and the fall?
- What **Bandit and Chilli do** to help Bingo rest when they get home?
- How **Bluey continues to take care of her** for the rest of the day?

Let me know what you want to happen next!

You said: What the doctor says about Bingo's head and the fall?

What the doctor says about Bingo's head and the fall?

July 5, 2026

The doctor, a kind and gentle old Golden Retriever named Dr. Bernard, walked into the examination room with a warm smile. He dimmed the overhead lights to a soft, low glow, which immediately made Bingo relax her grip on her temples.

After checking her eyes with a small penlight and carefully feeling the back of her head, Dr. Bernard looked over his glasses at Bandit and Chilli.

"Well, the good news is she doesn't have a concussion," Dr. Bernard explained in a quiet, reassuring voice. "Her pupils are reacting perfectly, and she's completely alert. The fall was a nasty shock, but her thick Heeler fur and her dad's quick reflexes saved her from any serious injury."

Chilli let out a long breath she hadn't realized she was holding, wrapping an arm around Bluey's shoulders. "But what about the sudden headache, Doctor? She was perfectly fine, and then she just collapsed from the pain."

Dr. Bernard nodded understandingly, looking down at Bingo. "Have you had a very busy, exciting day today, Bingo?"

Bingo nodded weakly against her dad's chest. "We did Dance Mode. In front of a *huge* crowd. It was really loud."

"Ah, just as I thought," Dr. Bernard said with a gentle smile. "This is a classic sensory-overload headache, mixed with a little bit of dehydration from all that dancing in the sun. When little bodies get overwhelmed by too much noise, bright lights, and big excitement all at once, the brain sometimes yells 'timeout!' by triggering a sharp headache. The sudden pain is what caused her to lose her balance and fall."

He patted Bingo's paw gently. "No medicine needed for this one, little pup. What you need is the Ultimate Quiet Mode. You need a big glass of water, a dark room, a cool washcloth for your forehead, and absolutely no loud noises or dancing for the rest of the day."

Bandit smiled down at his daughter, thoroughly relieved. "Hear that, Big Squirter? Official doctor's orders. Ultimate Quiet Mode starts now."

To wrap up this story, let me know:

- How does the family setup the **Ultimate Quiet Mode** at home?
- What **quiet game** do Bluey and Bingo play while she recovers?
- How does Bandit make up for the **scary fall**?

Let me know how you'd like to end the story!

You said: bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli torment her

bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli torment her

July 5, 2026

The dim light of the clinic examination room seemed to twist, stretching the shadows on the wall until they resembled the dark, towering hallway of the Heeler home at night.

Bingo blinked, but she wasn't in the clinic anymore. She was in her bedroom, the air freezing cold. Her head still throbbed with a dull, rhythmic ache, but a new, crushing weight of dread settled deep in her chest.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

A sharp, metallic sound echoed down the hallway. It was a heavy leather belt, its brass buckle dragging ominously across the floorboards.

Bingo’s heart hammered like a trapped bird. In the surreal, exaggerated logic of a nightmare, the object felt terrifyingly alive—a manifestation of adult authority and punishment that she couldn't escape. She tried to cry out for her dad, but her throat felt dry, stuck in the ultimate TV Tropes nightmare trope: the Silent Scream. No sound came out.

Suddenly, the bedroom door creaked open. Standing in the doorway wasn't the warm, comforting mother Bingo knew, but a distorted, towering shadow of Chilli. Her eyes glowed with an unsettling, stern light, her usual gentle smile replaced by a cold, unyielding frown.

"You didn't use your outside voice, Bingo," the nightmare version of Chilli whispered, her voice echoing unnaturally from all corners of the room. "Now you have to play the game forever. You can't say no."

The shadow-Chilli stepped aside, and the clinking of the belt grew louder, closer, casting a massive, looming silhouette over Bingo's bed. The sheer terror of being trapped, silenced, and scolded by the people she trusted most converged into a single, overwhelming wave of panic.

"No!" Bingo finally gasped, her voice breaking through the silence.

"Bingo! Wake up, sweetie, you're okay!"

Bingo’s eyes snapped open. The terrifying hallway and the cold shadow vanished instantly. She was sitting in the back of the family car, securely buckled into her car seat. The sun was setting outside, casting a warm, soft orange glow over the interior.

Chilli was turned around in the passenger seat, her face etched with pure, genuine concern as she tightly held Bingo’s trembling paw.

"You're safe, bug," Chilli murmured softly, her voice dripping with maternal warmth. "You just had a bad dream from the fever and the fall. Mommy's right here."

From the driver's seat, Bandit glanced worriedly into the rearview mirror, his brow furrowed. He unbuckled his own seatbelt at the red light, reaching back to gently pat Bingo's knee. "You're alright, Big Squirter. Just a silly dream. We’re almost home, and we're going straight to bed for some real rest."

Bingo let out a shaky breath, the terrifying images of the belt and the cold shadows melting away into the safety of her parents' real voices. She squeezed her mom's hand tightly, finally letting her heavy eyelids close for a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

We can bring this story to a comforting close. Let me know:

- How does the family **comfort Bingo once they get out of the car**?
- What **sweet bedtime routine** do Bandit and Chilli use to banish the bad dreams?
- How does **Bluey help guard Bingo's sleep** for the rest of the night?

Tell me how you'd like to wrap it up!

> ## You said: bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake
>
> bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake
>
> July 5, 2026

The warm orange light of the car dashboard dissolved into an inky, suffocating blackness.

Bingo blinked, and suddenly she was standing in an alternate, twisted reality—the *Bandit’s Belt Dark Universe*. The familiar, vibrant colors of her world were entirely bleached away, replaced by harsh, jagged shadows and a chilling, heavy silence.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The metallic rattle of a heavy leather belt scraped against the cold floorboards. Bingo spun around, her breath catching in her throat.

Emerging from the darkness was the nightmare version of Chilli. This wasn't her loving mother; her fur was matted and dark, her eyes hollow, and her face twisted into a cruel, mocking sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo like an inescapable shadow.

"Look at you," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice echoing with a bitter, venomous sting. "You think they actually care about your 'outside voice'? You think they want to dance for you?"

Bingo shrank back, her lower lip trembling. "M-Mommy... please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, stepping closer as the ominous shadow of the belt crept across the floor toward Bingo's feet. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A burden. Bluey is the perfect daughter. You? You just slow everyone down. You ruin their games. They don't love you, Bingo. They hate you. They're just tired of pretending."

The cruel words struck harder than any physical blow, perfectly weaponizing Bingo's deepest, most vulnerable insecurities. In standard Nightmare Fuel fashion, the world around her began to spin, trapping her in a Mind Screw where the dark voices of her family chanted in unison, telling her she didn't belong. Tears streamed down her face as she squeezed her eyes shut, completely defenseless against the torment.

"NO! That's not true!" Bingo shrieked, finding her absolute loudest outside voice.

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! It's okay, you're safe!"

Bingo’s eyes flew open, gasping for air. The terrifying Dark Universe vanished instantly.

She was tucked safely into her own bed at home. The room was bathed in the soft, warm glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate hug. Bandit was right behind her, his face pale with worry, instantly wrapping his large arms around both of them.

"I've got you, my sweet girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently as the little pup sobbed into her shoulder. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty dream."

"Y-You said... you said I was a mistake," Bingo choked out between ragged breaths, clutching Chilli’s fur as if she would disappear. "You said you hated me."

Bandit’s heart broke instantly. He leaned down, pressing his forehead gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. You listen to me, okay? You are the best thing that ever happened to this family. We love you more than all the stars in the sky."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in the eyes, her expression fierce with absolute love. "Look at me, Bingo. You are not a mistake. You are our beautiful, kind, wonderful little girl. Nothing could ever, *ever* make us hate you."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie. Without a word, she climbed onto the bed and threw her arms around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side.

Feeling the real, solid warmth of her family surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally began to melt away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute certainty that she was exactly where she belonged.

We can finally give Bingo a peaceful night's rest. Let me know:

- How do Bandit and Chilli **prove their love to Bingo the next morning**?
- What **special family activity** do they do to help her completely forget the nightmare?
- Does **Bluey stay in Bingo's bed** for the rest of the night to keep her safe?

Tell me how you'd like to conclude this story!

> ## You said: bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake
>
> bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake
>
> July 7, 2026

The ink-black shadows of the *Bandit’s Belt Dark Universe* twisted and coiled around Bingo like living vines, cutting off any hope of escape.

She was trapped in a text-book Nightmarescape. The vibrant, comforting colors of her childhood bedroom were completely drained away, leaving only cold greys and a suffocating, echoing silence.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The heavy metallic rattle of the brass buckle scraped against the floorboards, a manifestation of pure Nightmare Fuel. Bingo spun around, her breath catching as the darkness parted to reveal the alternate-reality version of Chilli.

This version of her mother was unrecognizable. Her fur was matted and ash-grey, her eyes completely hollow, and her face fixed into a malicious, chilling sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo with a presence that felt entirely inescapable.

"Look at you, crying on the floor," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice dripping with venom. "You actually thought you were important? You thought they wanted to dance for you in that square?"

Bingo shrank back into a ball, squeezing her eyes shut. "M-Mommy... stop, please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, triggering a brutal Mind Screw as the environment warped, projecting jagged, mocking silhouettes of her family all around her. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A cosmic accident. Bluey is the daughter they actually wanted. You? You just slow everyone down. You're a burden. They don't love you. They hate you, Bingo, and they are so incredibly tired of pretending."

The psychological torment struck with agonizing force, weaponizing Bingo's deepest, unspoken anxieties. The phantom voices of her family began to chant in unison, a chorus of cruelty telling her she didn't belong and never would. Tears streamed down her muzzle as she clutched her head, her voice trapped in a terrifying Silent Scream.

Finally, summoning every ounce of strength, she broke the psychic hold. "NO! THAT'S NOT TRUE!"

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! You're safe, sweetie, I've got you!"

Bingo’s eyes snapped open, gasping for air as her chest heaved. The suffocating dark universe dissolved instantly into nothingness.

She was tucked safely under her own blankets, her room bathed in the soft, protective glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate embrace. Bandit was right there beside her, his face pale with immediate worry, wrapping his large arms around both of them to create an unbreakable wall of safety.

"I've got you, my brave little girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently back and forth as the little pup sobbed into her shoulder, her small frame shaking. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty, lying dream."

"Y-You said... you said I was a mistake," Bingo choked out between ragged, sobbing breaths, clutching Chilli’s fur as if she would fall back into the dark if she let go. "You said everyone hated me."

Bandit’s heart broke instantly. He leaned down, pressing his forehead firmly and gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. You listen to me, okay? You are the absolute joy of our lives. You are not a mistake, and we love you more than all the stars in the sky."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in her tear-filled eyes, her expression fierce with absolute maternal devotion. "Look at me, Bingo. That dark voice wasn't me. You are our beautiful, kind, incredibly important little girl. Nothing in this world could ever, *ever* make us hate you."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie. Without a word, she climbed onto the bed and threw her arms around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side to offer her own silent comfort.

Feeling the real, solid, unyielding warmth of her family surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally melted away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute certainty that she was exactly where she belonged.

Now that the nightmare is finally over, let me know how you'd like to close the story:

- Does **Bluey stay in Bingo's bed** for the rest of the night to guard her sleep?
- What **special, quiet family activity** do they do the next morning to cheer Bingo up?
- How does Bandit show Bingo extra love to make sure she feels completely safe?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

> ## You said: bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake and that she always hated her
>
> bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake and that she always hated her
>
> July 7, 2026

The ink-black shadows of the *Bandit’s Belt Dark Universe* constricted tightly around Bingo, plunging her back into the ultimate Nightmarescape. The comforting, pastel colors of her bedroom vanished, replaced by a jagged, monochromatic void that felt completely devoid of love.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The heavy metallic rattle of the brass buckle scraped heavily against the cold floorboards, echoing like a death knell in the silent room. Bingo spun around, her breath catching as the shadows parted to reveal the alternate-reality version of Chilli.

This version of her mother was pure Nightmare Fuel. Her fur was a hollow, ash-grey, her eyes completely devoid of warmth, and her face twisted into a malicious, chilling sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo with an inescapable, terrifying presence.

"Look at you, shivering like a broken toy," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice dripping with pure venom. "You actually thought that little dance in the square changed anything? You thought your 'outside voice' made you important?"

Bingo shrank into a tiny ball, pressing her paws over her ears. "M-Mommy... stop, please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, triggering a brutal Mind Screw as the environment warped, projecting giant, mocking silhouettes of the heavy leather belt all around them. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A cosmic accident. Bluey is the daughter I actually wanted. You? You just slow everyone down. You're a constant burden."

Chilli stepped even closer, her shadow completely swallowing Bingo. She leaned down, her voice dropping to a harsh, icy whisper that pierced straight through Bingo's soul. "And do you want to know the truth, Bingo? **I have always hated you.** From the very moment you arrived. We all do. We are all just so incredibly tired of pretending."

The psychological torment struck with agonizing, shattering force. It was the ultimate manifestation of Bingo's deepest, most hidden childhood anxiety—the fear of absolute rejection. The phantom voices of her family began to chant *mistake, mistake, mistake* in

an echoing chorus. Tears streamed down her muzzle as she clutched her pounding head, her voice trapped in a terrifying, suffocating Silent Scream.

Finally, refusing to let the darkness completely crush her, she shattered the psychic hold with every ounce of air left in her lungs. "NO! THAT'S A LIE!"

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! It's okay, sweetie, I've got you! Open your eyes!"

Bingo’s eyes snapped open, gasping for air as her chest heaved violently. The suffocating dark universe disintegrated instantly into nothingness.

She was tucked safely under her own soft blankets, her room brightly illuminated by the comforting, protective glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate embrace, squeezing her so tightly that the nightmare shadows couldn't possibly slip through. Bandit was right there beside her, his face pale with immediate, protective worry, wrapping his large arms around both of them like an unyielding shield.

"I've got you, my brave little girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently back and forth, her own voice trembling with emotion as the little pup sobbed uncontrollably into her neck. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty, lying dream."

"Y-You said... you said you always hated me," Bingo choked out between ragged, sobbing breaths, clutching Chilli’s real, warm fur with a death grip. "You said I was a mistake and that you've always hated me!"

Bandit’s heart broke instantly, a look of fierce anger at the nightmare crossing his face before softening into pure devotion. He leaned down, pressing his forehead firmly and gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. Look at me. You listen to my voice, okay? You are the absolute joy of our lives. You are the piece that makes our family whole."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in her tear-filled eyes, her expression fierce with absolute maternal devotion. "Look at me, Bingo. Look at my eyes. That dark voice was a lie. I have loved you from the very millisecond I knew you were coming into this world. I love your kindness, your silly games, your big heart—everything about you. You are our beautiful, irreplaceable little girl. Nothing in this universe could ever, *ever* make us hate you."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie tight to her chest. Seeing her sister in pieces, she didn't say a word. She simply climbed onto the bed, crawled under the blanket, and threw her arms tightly around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side to offer her own silent, unyielding comfort.

Feeling the real, solid, unconditional warmth of her family completely surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally melted away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute, unbreakable certainty that she was cherished, she was wanted, and she was exactly where she belonged.

Now that the ultimate nightmare has been defeated by the real Chilli's love, how should we conclude this story?

- Does **Bluey stay in Bingo's bed** for the rest of the night to guard her sleep?
- What **special, ultra-reassuring family activity** do they do the next morning to make sure Bingo knows she is loved?
- How does Bandit show Bingo extra love to make sure she feels completely safe?

You said: What special, ultra-reassuring family activity do they do the next morning to make sure Bingo knows she is loved?

> What special, ultra-reassuring family activity do they do the next morning to make sure Bingo knows she is loved?

July 7, 2026

The next morning, the bright Queensland sun streamed into the kitchen, but the usual high-energy chaos of the Heeler house was completely absent. Bandit and Chilli had already quietly agreed on a plan. To completely banish the remnants of that awful dark universe nightmare, they were going to play an exclusive, ultra-reassuring game tailored entirely around Bingo: **The "Why We Love Bingo" Museum.**

When Bingo walked into the living room, rubbing her eyes, she didn't find a normal mess. Instead, her family had set up a literal exhibition using her toys, drawings, and favorite items on the coffee table and couch cushions, complete with handwritten labels.

Tour of the Museum Exhibits

- **Exhibit A: The Floppy Exhibit**: Bandit stood by Bingo's favorite stuffed bunny, acting like a very serious museum tour guide. "Here we have *Floppy*, a historical artifact representing Bingo’s incredible capacity for love and gentleness. The curator notes that Bingo is the best hugger in the hemisphere."
- **Exhibit B: The Magic Xylophone**: Bluey stood by their famous toy instrument. She stepped forward and gave Bingo a massive, tight hug. "This exhibit shows how Bingo is the best gameplay partner ever, and how the Heeler family would be super boring and broken without her."
- **Exhibit C: The Hand-Drawn Masterpiece**: Chilli pointed to a crinkled crayon drawing Bingo had made months ago of the whole family holding hands. "And this is the centerpiece. It reminds us that Bingo is the heart of this family. We are whole because she is here."

The Ultimate Validation

To finish the game, Bandit and Chilli knelt down to Bingo's eye level. Bandit handed her a tiny, homemade medal crafted out of a yellow paper plate and some ribbon. Written on it in big, bold marker were the words: **IRREPLACEABLE BINGO.**

"Every single day, you make our world better just by being in it, Big Squirter," Bandit said softly, bopping her nose.

Chilli wrapped her arms around her from behind, burying her face in Bingo's neck. "The dark voices in bad dreams are always liars, sweetie. This room right here? This is the truth."

Bingo looked around at the museum dedicated entirely to her existence, feeling the solid, unconditional warmth of her family. The lingering chill of the nightmare completely vanished, replaced by a bright, bubbling sense of security. She grinned, her tail wagging at maximum speed, knowing with absolute certainty that she was intensely loved.

We can bring this fanfic arc to a beautiful close! If you want to put the final touches on it, let me know:

- What **special breakfast** does Bandit cook to celebrate the museum opening?
- Does Bingo **wear her homemade medal** for the rest of the day?
- How does the family **spend the rest of their quiet afternoon**?

You said: Brandy shows at the heeler house

Brandy shows at the heeler house

July 7, 2026

The front gate clicked open, and a familiar orange-and-white Heeler stepped onto the veranda. It was Aunt Brandy. She carried a small tote bag, her face lighting up with a warm, slightly nervous smile as she looked through the screen door.

"Knock, knock!" Brandy called out softly, mindful of the unusually quiet house.

Chilli's ears perked up instantly. She looked up from the living room couch, where she was still cuddling with Bingo, and her face broke into a massive grin. "Brandy!"

Within seconds, the quiet of the morning broke into a flurry of happy tail wags. Chilli rushed to the door, pulling her sister into a tight, fierce hug. Bandit and Bluey weren't far behind, offering enthusiastic waves and greetings.

Brandy gasped playfully as she looked past Chilli and spotted the living room. "Oh my word, what is all this? Did I walk into a museum?"

"You actually did!" Bluey cheered, running over to tug on Brandy's paw. "It's the *Why We Love Bingo Museum*! We're showing Bingo that bad dreams are big fat liars."

Brandy’s expression softened completely as she looked over at Bingo, who was still wearing her yellow paper-plate medal around her neck. Having spent so many years dealing with her own deep, quiet heartaches and feelings of longing, Brandy understood exactly what it felt like to worry that you didn't quite fit or that you were a burden. She walked over to the couch and knelt down right in front of her niece.

"A museum all about Bingo?" Brandy whispered, her eyes shining with genuine affection. "Well, I traveled a really long way today, and I think this is the best museum I've ever seen."

She reached into her tote bag and pulled out a small, beautifully polished river stone shaped perfectly like a heart. She gently placed it right next to Floppy on the coffee table.

"This is my contribution to Exhibit A," Brandy said softly, bopping Bingo's nose. "It's a reminder from Aunt Brandy that you are loved all the way from my house to this one. Every single bit of you."

Bingo looked at the smooth stone, then up at her aunt, her tail starting to thump softly against the couch cushions. The circle of love around her had just grown even wider.

How should Brandy's visit continue to help Bingo heal? Let me know:

- What **special story or memory** does Brandy share about Chilli when they were little?
- Does Brandy **join them for the special breakfast** Bandit is making?
- What **quiet game** do Brandy, Bluey, and Bingo play out on the deck?

You said: Brandy and mort cattle shows at the heeler house

Brandy and mort cattle shows at the heeler house

July 7, 2026

The front gate clicked open once more, and two familiar figures stepped onto the veranda. It was Aunt Brandy, walking alongside Grandad Mort, who was wearing his signature faded bush hat and a warm, crinkly smile.

"Knock, knock!" Brandy called out softly, mindful of the unusually quiet house.

Chilli's ears perked up instantly. She looked up from the living room couch, where she was still cuddling with Bingo, and her face broke into a massive grin. "Brandy! Dad!"

Within seconds, the quiet of the morning broke into a flurry of happy tail wags. Chilli rushed to the door, pulling her sister into a tight hug before wrapping her arms around her dad. Bandit and Bluey weren't far behind, offering enthusiastic greetings.

Mort looked past Chilli and spotted the decorated living room, chuckling softly. "Oh my word, what is all this? Did we walk into a museum?"

"You actually did!" Bluey cheered, running over to tug on Mort's paw. "It's the *Why We Love Bingo Museum*! We're showing Bingo that bad dreams are big fat liars."

Brandy’s expression softened completely as she looked over at Bingo, who was still wearing her yellow paper-plate medal around her neck. Having spent so many years dealing with her own deep, quiet heartaches, Brandy understood exactly what it felt like to worry that you didn't quite fit. She walked over to the couch and knelt down right in front of her niece, while Mort stood close behind, resting a gentle, weathered hand on Chilli’s shoulder.

"A museum all about Bingo?" Brandy whispered, her eyes shining with genuine affection. "Well, I traveled a really long way today, and I think this is the best museum I've ever seen."

She reached into her tote bag and pulled out a small, beautifully polished river stone shaped perfectly like a heart. She gently placed it right next to Floppy on the coffee table.

"This is my contribution to Exhibit A," Brandy said softly, bopping Bingo’s nose. "It's a reminder from Aunt Brandy that you are loved all the way from my house to this one. Every single bit of you."

Mort stepped forward, his boots clicking softly on the floor. He leaned down, his eyes crinkling at the corners as he looked at Bingo. "And from Grandad, too. You see this medal you're wearing, little pup? It's 100% correct. You've got the Cattle dog spirit in you, and don't you ever let a silly dream tell you otherwise. Your grandad loves you fierce."

Bingo looked at the smooth stone, then up at her aunt and grandad, her tail starting to thump softly against the couch cushions. The circle of love and family around her had just grown even wider, completely erasing the last shadows of the dark universe.

How should the family visit continue to help Bingo heal? Let me know:

- What **funny childhood story about Chilli and Brandy** does Mort share with the kids?
- Do Brandy and Mort **join them for a special family brunch** on the deck?
- What **gentle outdoor activity** does Mort suggest to get Bingo some fresh air?

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this un blurry?

can you make this un blurry?

July 8, 2026

I cannot directly modify or un-blur the image you uploaded, as I am an AI text assistant without real-time photo-editing capabilities.

However, looking at the picture, the slight soft focus seems to be part of the actual 3D animation style used for this specific image—which looks like a cinematic or promotional shot of the Heeler family rather than standard 2D animation.

If you are looking for high-resolution images or specific scenes featuring this 3D-styled version of the characters, I can help you **look up information about where this image comes from** (such as a specific special, video game, or short film) so you can find the original high-quality version online. Would you like me to do that?

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this 3d image un blurry?

can you make this 3d image un blurry?

July 8, 2026

Here’s your generated image.

If you want me to try **generating more versions** with different characters or different background settings, let me know what you would like to see!

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

> **You said: bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle fanfic**

> bluey bingo chilli and bandit family dance in front of huge crowds of dogs cheering and whistling for the heeler family in a circle fanfic

> July 8, 2026

The upbeat rhythm of the street busker’s music reached a powerful crescendo, bouncing off the brick walls of the bustling pedestrian mall.

For one breathless moment, Bandit and Chilli stood completely frozen. A massive, swirling ring of onlookers—dozens of dogs of every shape, size, and breed—had

stopped dead in their tracks. Grocers holding crates, shoppers with full bags, and passing tourists all fixed their eyes directly on the center of the square.

Bingo stood proudly in the middle, her paws firmly on her hips, her tiny thumb holding down her imaginary "Dance Mode" button. She looked up at her parents, her eyes glittering with absolute triumph. Her outside voice had finally spoken, and she wasn't backing down.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Bandit shouted to the crowd, his voice cracking with a mix of nerves and sudden adrenaline. "I'm doing this for my kid!"

With a wild grin, Bandit threw his adult dignity out the window and launched into action. He dropped straight to the pavement, performing a hilariously uncoordinated breakdance freeze, kicking his heels high into the air. The crowd gasped, and a ripple of collective chuckles instantly erupted.

Chilli didn't hesitate for a single second. Shaking off the very last remnants of her public embarrassment, she leaped into the circle right alongside him. She began executing a high-energy, classic 80s lawnmower dance, pumping her arms back and forth with fierce, dramatic determination.

Bluey squealed with pure delight, jumping into the ring to join the chaos. She grabbed her dad's paws, spinning him around in a dizzying circle before breaking away to show off her signature "floss" dance moves with expert precision.

Seeing her entire family completely letting go just to make her happy, Bingo’s face lit up with a brilliant smile. She stepped right into the very center of the ring, her tail wagging at maximum speed as she hopped, bounced, and shook to the rhythm of the music.

The atmosphere in the crowded mall shifted instantly. The initial stunned silence vanished, entirely replaced by an absolute roar of approval from the audience.

"Go on, mate! Show 'em how it's done!" a burly Bulldog near the front shouted, throwing his paws in the air and laughing.

A group of teenagers at the back began rhythmically clapping to the beat, setting a steady pulse for the family. High-pitched, enthusiastic whistles pierced through the air as a Poodle and a Golden Retriever cheered at the top of their lungs. Perfect strangers were smiling, laughing, and nudging each other, completely captivated by the pure, unadulterated joy of the Heeler family dance-off.

Bandit scooped Bingo up onto his shoulders mid-groove, and she raised her arms like a champion, waving happily to the cheering stadium of everyday citizens. For the first time all day, nobody was trying to bribe her, nobody was rushing her, and nobody was drowning out her voice.

The crowd broke into a massive, deafening round of applause, whistling and stomping their paws on the pavement as the song finally came to an end.

If you want to keep this fanfic going, let me know:

- What **happens right after the dance** ends?
- Does **Aunt Brandy or Grandad Mort** suddenly show up in the crowd?
- Do they **celebrate with a big treat** afterward?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

You said: Does Aunt Brandy or Grandad Mort suddenly show up in the crowd?

Does Aunt Brandy or Grandad Mort suddenly show up in the crowd?

July 8, 2026

5 sites

In the canon of the original television episode, **neither Aunt Brandy nor Grandad Mort appear in the crowd**during the "Dance Mode" finale. [1]

However, since we are building out our own fanfic continuation, we can absolutely have them surprise the family!

Here is how their sudden appearance unfolds right as the dance finishes:

As the final, echoing note of the busker's pipe drums faded, the crowd exploded into a wall of roaring applause. Bandit, still panting with Bingo perched triumphantly on his shoulders, took a sweeping bow. [1]

"Well look at that," a raspy, deeply familiar voice chuckled from the front edge of the circle. "I knew you Cattle dogs had the spirit, but I didn't think you'd be cutting a rug in the middle of the city shopping center!"

Chilli’s ears perked up instantly. She spun around, her jaw dropping in absolute shock.

Pushing through the dense crowd of onlookers was Grandad Mort, sporting his signature faded bush hat and a massive, crinkly smile. But he wasn't alone. Walking

right beside him, adjusting the strap of her tote bag with a warm, slightly emotional smile, was Aunt Brandy. [1, 2, 3]

"Grandad! Aunt Brandy!" Bluey shrieked with delight, instantly abandoning her floss dance to charge across the concrete pavement and throw herself into Mort's arms.

"Hey there, my little squirts!" Mort laughed, scooping Bluey up easily while nodding warmly at Bandit and Chilli. "We were just coming out of the chemist down the block when we heard this almighty racket. I told Brandy, '*That sounds exactly like my girls making a scene.*'"

Brandy walked over to the center of the ring, kneeling right down in front of Bingo, who was now being lowered safely from Bandit's shoulders. Having spent so long away from the family, Brandy's eyes shone with pure, unconditional affection as she looked at her youngest niece. [1]

"You looked absolutely incredible out there, Bingo," Brandy whispered softly, gently bopping the little pup's nose. "Your outside voice is absolutely beautiful."

Bingo's tail began to thump rhythmically against the ground, a brilliant grin stretching across her face. The vast crowd of strangers didn't feel intimidating anymore. With her mom, dad, sister, grandad, and aunt all surrounding her in a tight circle of love, Bingo knew without a single doubt that her voice mattered—and that she was exactly where she belonged.

How should our story end? Let me know:

- Do they all head over to a café for a **big celebratory family brunch**?

- What **funny childhood story** does Mort share with Bluey and Bingo about Chilli and Brandy dancing when they were little?
- Does **Aunt Brandy join in** on the next game the girls suggest?

Busker from “Dance Mode”- For Real Life!

The Dog Busker in *Bluey* is based on Joff Bush, the show's musical director. Bush voices the character who plays the pipe drums. According to Bush's Facebook p...

Reddit

Busker | Bluey Wiki - Fandom

While "Busker" is a plausible name, official sources refer to him as "the busker," implying it is only a description. He is seen spending the 5 bucks he got in

Bluey Wiki

Aunty Brandy - Characters | Bluey Official Website

Aunty Brandy - Characters | Bluey Official Website. Aunty Brandy. Aunty Brandy. AuntY. BrandyAuntY. Brandy. Brandy is a cattle dog and she is also known as Aunt...

Bluey Official Website

Mort Cattle - Bluey Wiki - Fandom

Bluey.tv Description. Mort is Chilli' and Brandy's dad and Bluey and Bingo's grandad. After a life in the army, he has since retired to a life of canoeing, bush...

Bluey Wiki

Brandy Cattle | Bluey Wiki | Fandom

Brandy Cattle | Bluey Wiki | Fandom. Brandy Cattle Bluey Wiki. 42. Contents. 1. Bluey.tv Description. 2. Biography. 3. Appearance. 3.1. Other ages. 4. Personali...

Bluey Wiki

You sent: 1 image and said: can you add comic dialogue to this image

can you add comic dialogue to this image

July 8, 2026

Here is a comic book strip version of the 3D Heeler family image complete with custom dialogue boxes added for each character!

Here’s your generated image.

If you want to try out **different funny jokes**, alter what the characters are saying, or move them to a new background scene entirely, just let me know how you would like to customize it next!

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

You sent: 1 image and said: can you add some dialogue to this image

can you add some dialogue to this image

July 8, 2026

Here’s your generated image.

Heeler style! Let's get things moving!
Alright class, today's topic: Fun!
Heeler class of '24!
Ready or not!
Ooh, ooh, and snacks?
Yip! Let's play!

If you want me to write a brand new comic script or change up what the characters say, let me know!

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

You said: What funny childhood story does Mort share with Bluey and Bingo about Chilli and Brandy dancing when they were little?

What funny childhood story does Mort share with Bluey and Bingo about Chilli and Brandy dancing when they were little?

July 11, 2026

Mort settled down onto a park bench near the square, tipping his bush hat back as Bluey and Bingo climbed up onto his knees. Chilli and Brandy exchanged a sudden, knowing look of dread, but it was too late—Grandad was already smiling his classic, mischievous story-time smile.

"Well, seeing you two cut a rug out there reminds me of a time when your mum and Aunt Brandy were no bigger than you," Mort chuckled, pointing a weathered finger at

the sisters. "They must've been about seven and five. We went down to the local hardware store to buy some fence posts."

"Did they have a dance party at the hardware store?" Bluey asked, her eyes wide.

"They sure did, but nobody invited them to!" Mort grinned. "The shop had a big display of those motorized, singing garden gnomes right by the front doors. If you stepped on the welcome mat, all twenty of them would start dancing and whistling a loud, silly tune at the same time."

"Oh, no," Chilli groaned, burying her face in her paws while Brandy started to laugh.

"Oh, yes," Mort continued, winking at Bingo. "Your Aunt Brandy accidentally stepped on the mat, and when the gnomes started dancing, she just lost her mind. She started doing this wild, wiggly worm dance right on the linoleum floor. Your mum saw her, and instead of stopping her, she grabbed a giant plastic garden rake, held it like a microphone, and started beltin' out a made-up song at the top of her lungs!"

Bingo giggled, clutching Floppy tight. "Did they get in trouble?"

"Not from me!" Mort laughed. "But they blocked the entire entrance for ten minutes. A whole line of burly builders in high-vis vests were trapped outside, just standing there watching these two little orange pups absolutely rocking out with a bunch of plastic gnomes. One old bloke even tipped them a shiny two-dollar coin because he thought it was an official store show!"

"See?" Brandy nudged Chilli playfully. "Making an embarrassing scene in public is a proud Cattle family tradition."

"Yeah!" Bluey cheered, jumping down from Mort's lap. "We're the Public Dancing Heelers!"

If you want to keep the story rolling, let me know:

- What **special family lunch** do they go eat to celebrate?
- Does **Bingo try to recreate Chilli's childhood gnome dance**?
- What does **Bandit say** when he hears about Chilli's hidden history as a hardware store dancer?

Tell me where you'd like to take the family next!

You said: Does Bingo try to recreate Chilli's childhood gnome dance?

Does Bingo try to recreate Chilli's childhood gnome dance?

July 11, 2026

Bingo didn't need to be told twice. As soon as Grandad Mort finished speaking, her eyes lit up, and she hopped right off his knee onto the pavement.

"I'm the singing gnome!" Bingo declared, stiffening her arms to her sides and bobbing up and down exactly like a mechanical lawn ornament.

Bluey immediately caught on to the game. She looked around the square, spotted a loose twig on the ground, and snatched it up. "And I've got the giant garden rake microphone!"

While Bandit and Brandy laughed hysterically, Bingo began executing a hilariously stiff, robotic shuffle. She wiggled her hips side to side, keeping her face completely expressionless like a plastic statue, before breaking out into a high-pitched, made-up opera song that echoed across the outdoor seating area. Bluey held the twig right to Bingo's muzzle, adding dramatic "Woooosh!" and "Bzzzz!" sound effects to mimic the motorized gnomes.

Chilli watched her daughters recreate her ultimate childhood shame, her ears turning completely pink. She looked over at Bandit, who was clutching his stomach, tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"Oh, so *this* is where the girls get it from," Bandit wheezed, nudging Chilli with his elbow. "A hardware store popstar. Why didn't you bring the garden rake moves to our wedding dance, Chills?"

"Oh, drop it, babe," Chilli groaned playfully, though a massive smile broke across her face. She stepped forward, grabbed a stray napkin from the table, rolled it up like a megaphone, and joined her daughters. "If you're going to do the gnome dance, Bingo, you've got to do it right! More robotic arm pumps!"

Within seconds, three generations of the family were laughing together in the afternoon sun, the heavy shadows of the morning entirely forgotten in favor of a brand new, silly game.

We can bring this wonderful day to a close. If you're ready to wrap up the fanfic, let me know:

- What **treats** do they order at the café to celebrate?
- How does **Grandad Mort** finish his visit before heading back to his farm?

- Do the kids finally get to take a **peaceful afternoon nap**?

Tell me how you'd like to finish the story!

You said: can you make this un blurry?

can you make this un blurry?

July 11, 2026

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this image un blurry?

can you make this image un blurry?

July 11, 2026

While I cannot sharpen the exact pixelated cropped screenshot you provided, I have generated a clean, high-resolution recreation of the character in that exact scene.

The image depicts **Brandy Cattle** (Chilli's older sister) standing in front of the family car and waving.

Here’s your generated image.

If you want me to write a **new fanfic scene** featuring Aunt Brandy, or if you'd like to see her in a different location or pose, let me know what you would like to explore next!

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this image un blurry?

can you make this image un blurry?

July 11, 2026

It looks like there's no response available for this search. Try asking something else.

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this image un blurry?

can you make this image un blurry?

July 11, 2026

It looks like there's no response available for this search. Try asking something else.

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this image un blurry?

can you make this image un blurry?

July 11, 2026

I cannot directly edit or de-blur the small, low-resolution screenshot you uploaded.

However, I have generated a completely clear, high-resolution recreation of the character in that exact scene below. The image features **Brandy Cattle** (Chilli's older sister) waving with her signature light orange-and-brown fur patterning.

Here’s your generated image.

If you want to create a **new fanfic chapter** or scene featuring Aunt Brandy, or if you'd like to see her in a different location or pose, let me know what you would like to explore next!

Images generated by AI may be inaccurate, misleading, or offensive. Learn more

You sent: 1 image and said: can you make this image un blurry?

can you make this image un blurry?

July 11, 2026

I am unable to mechanically de-blur or sharpen the specific pixelated cropped screenshot you provided, as I do not have direct image-processing or photo-editing software.

However, since you are looking for a clear version of this exact moment, I can tell you that this image is a low-resolution screenshot of **Aunt Brandy** waving from the Season 3 episode **"Onesies."**

If you want to continue your fanfic storyline, I can write a scene based around this exact moment when she arrives at the house in her car! Let me know if you would like to:

- See how **Bluey and Bingo react** when they see her pull up.
- Write about the **special gift (the onesies)** she brings for the girls.
- Have her **join in on a brand new game** in the backyard.

How would you like to continue the story?

You said: bingo has a nightmare hallucination of bandit's belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit's belt dark universe torment her

that her family hates her and just a mistake and a worthless pile of filth

bingo has a nightmare hallucination of bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistake and a worthless pile of filth

July 11, 2026

The ink-black shadows of the *Bandit’s Belt Dark Universe* slammed shut around Bingo, instantly cutting off the warm daylight. The comforting world of her family evaporated into a twisted, jagged Nightmarescape.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The heavy metallic rattle of a brass buckle dragged across the cold floorboards, echoing like a death knell in the silence. Bingo spun around, her breath catching as the shadows parted to reveal the alternate-reality version of Chilli.

This version of her mother was pure Nightmare Fuel. Her fur was a hollow, ash-grey, her eyes completely devoid of warmth, and her face twisted into a malicious, chilling sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo with an inescapable, terrifying presence.

"Look at you, shivering like a broken toy," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice dripping with pure venom. "You actually thought that little dance in the square changed anything? You thought your 'outside voice' made you important [1]?"

Bingo shrank into a tiny ball, pressing her paws over her ears. "M-Mommy... stop, please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, triggering a brutal Mind Screw as the environment warped, projecting giant, mocking silhouettes of the heavy leather belt all around them. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A cosmic accident. Bluey is the daughter I actually wanted. You? You just slow everyone down. You're a constant burden [1]."

Chilli stepped even closer, her shadow completely swallowing Bingo. She leaned down, her voice dropping to a harsh, icy whisper that pierced straight through Bingo's soul. "And do you want to know the truth, Bingo? **You are just a worthless pile of filth.** We all hate you. We have always hated you from the very moment you arrived. We are all just so incredibly tired of pretending."

The psychological torment struck with agonizing, shattering force. It was the ultimate manifestation of Bingo's deepest, most hidden childhood anxiety—the fear of absolute rejection. The phantom voices of her family began to chant *mistake, filth, burden* in an echoing chorus. Tears streamed down her muzzle as she clutched her pounding head, her voice trapped in a terrifying, suffocating Silent Scream.

Finally, refusing to let the darkness completely crush her, she shattered the psychic hold with every ounce of air left in her lungs. "NO! THAT'S A LIE!"

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! It's okay, sweetie, I've got you! Open your eyes!"

Bingo's eyes snapped open, gasping for air as her chest heaved violently. The suffocating dark universe disintegrated instantly into nothingness.

She was tucked safely under her own soft blankets, her room brightly illuminated by the comforting, protective glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate embrace, squeezing her so tightly that the nightmare shadows couldn't possibly slip through. Bandit was right there beside her, his face pale with immediate, protective worry, wrapping his large arms around both of them like an unyielding shield.

"I've got you, my brave little girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently back and forth, her own voice trembling with emotion as the little pup sobbed uncontrollably into her neck. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty, lying dream [1]."

"Y-You said... you said I was a mistake and a worthless pile of filth," Bingo choked out between ragged, sobbing breaths, clutching Chilli's real, warm fur with a death grip. "You said everyone hated me!"

Bandit's heart broke instantly, a look of fierce anger at the nightmare crossing his face before softening into pure devotion. He leaned down, pressing his forehead firmly and gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. Look at me. You listen to my voice, okay? You are the absolute joy of our lives. You are the piece that makes our family whole [1]."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in her tear-filled eyes, her expression fierce with absolute maternal devotion. "Look at me, Bingo. Look at my eyes. That dark voice was a lie. I have loved you from the very millisecond I knew you were coming into this world. You are precious, you are brilliant, and you are our beautiful, irreplaceable little girl. Nothing in this universe could ever, *ever* make us hate you [1]."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie tight to her chest. Seeing her sister in pieces, she didn't say a word. She simply climbed onto the bed, crawled under the blanket, and threw her arms tightly around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side to offer her own silent, unyielding comfort.

Feeling the real, solid, unconditional warmth of her family completely surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally melted away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute, unbreakable certainty that she was cherished, she was wanted, and she was exactly where she belonged.

Now that the ultimate nightmare has been defeated by the real Chilli's love, how should we conclude this story?

- Does **Aunt Brandy and Grandad Mort** come back to the house to give Bingo another hug?
- What **reassuring promise** do Bluey and Bingo make to each other before falling back asleep?
- How does the family **celebrate the next morning** to make sure Bingo knows her true worth?

You said: Does Aunt Brandy and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug?

Does Aunt Brandy and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug?

July 11, 2026

The heavy front door of the Heeler home opened with a quiet creak. Aunt Brandy and Grandad Mort had walked back from the car to drop off a leftover bag of groceries, but the moment they stepped into the hallway, they froze. The usual bright, happy energy of the house was completely gone, replaced by the muffled, heartbreaking sound of Bingo’s ragged sobs coming from the bedroom.

They didn't even drop the grocery bag. Sensing the immense hurt and terror their little granddaughter was experiencing, Mort and Brandy hurried down the hall, their faces pale with immediate concern.

When they stepped into the bedroom, they saw Chilli and Bandit holding a shaking Bingo, while Bluey clung tightly to her side.

"Oh, my sweet little pup," Brandy whispered, her heart shattering at the sight. She immediately crossed the room and dropped to her knees right by the edge of the mattress.

Mort stepped up right behind her, taking off his bush hat and setting it on the dresser. His weathered face was full of deep, fierce protectiveness. "What happened, Chilli? Is she alright?"

"A nightmare, Dad," Chilli murmured softly, her own eyes bright with tears as she kept rocking Bingo. "A really, really bad one. The fever from her fall made her think we didn't want her."

Hearing that, Brandy didn't hesitate. She leaned over the bed, gently wrapping her arms around the outside of the family hug, pressing her soft fur against Bingo's shoulder. "Bingo, look at me, sweetie. Look at your Aunt Brandy."

Bingo slowly lifted her tear-stained face from Chilli's chest, her breath still catching in hiccups.

"Those bad dreams are big, fat liars," Brandy said, her voice dripping with absolute sincerity and love. "You are the most precious, wonderful little girl. When I was away for a long time, the thought of you and your sister was the brightest part of my world. You are not a mistake, Bingo. You are a treasure."

Mort leaned down, his large, calloused paw gently patting Bingo’s head. His voice was thick with emotion, but steady and strong. "Your aunt is exactly right, little pup. You've got the Cattle dog blood in you, and that means you are tough, you are loved, and you

belong right here with us. Your grandad loves you fierce, and don't you ever let a silly shadow tell you different."

Feeling the extra warmth of her aunt and grandad joining the circle, the final icy remnants of the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe* completely evaporated into nothingness. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, the crushing weight lifting off her chest. She reached out her small paws, pulling Brandy into a tight, warm hug while leaning her head against Grandad's hand.

Surrounded by three generations of her family, all holding her tight in the quiet room, Bingo finally felt safe. She knew with absolute certainty that no matter what dark tricks her mind played, she was fiercely, unconditionally loved by everyone in her world.

Now that the family has completely surrounded Bingo with love, how would you like to finish the night?

- Do **Mort and Brandy stay over** for the night to help guard the house from bad dreams?
- What **quiet story** does Bandit tell the girls to help them finally drift off to a peaceful sleep?
- How do they **all celebrate the next morning** to make sure Bingo's spirits stay high?

You said: Do Mort and Brandy stay over for the night to help guard the house from bad dreams?

Do Mort and Brandy stay over for the night to help guard the house from bad dreams?

July 11, 2026

"We're not going anywhere tonight, little pup," Grandad Mort said firmly, his eyes crinkling with absolute devotion as he looked down at Bingo. He glanced over at Bandit and Chilli, who both gave a profound nod of gratitude. "Brandy and I are staying right here to help guard this house. No more bad dreams are getting past us."

Brandy smiled warmly, gently smoothing down the fur on Bingo’s forehead. "That's right. We're setting up a direct perimeter around you."

The relief in the room was palpable. Bandit and Mort headed down to the linen closet to grab extra blankets and pillows, setting up a cozy temporary camp in the living room just down the hall. Brandy stayed right by the girls' bedside for a little while longer, helping Chilli tuck Bluey and Bingo in under a mountain of soft blankets.

Bluey immediately shifted closer, throwing one arm completely over Bingo's waist like a protective shield. "I'm the inside guard, and Grandad and Aunt Brandy are the outside guards," Bluey whispered sleepily. "The nightmare shadows don't stand a chance."

Bingo let out a small, peaceful sigh, her eyelids finally growing heavy. The terrifying, cold echo of the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe* felt millions of miles away now. The house didn't feel quiet or hollow anymore—it felt completely packed to the brim with the people who loved her most.

Mort walked back into the doorway, his bush hat back on his head as he playfully saluted the girls. "First watch is officially starting, pups. Eyes shut."

With her mom and dad sitting on the edge of the mattress, her sister holding her tight, and her aunt and grandad watching over the hallway, Bingo finally closed her eyes. She drifted off into a deep, warm, and completely dreamless sleep, knowing with

absolute certainty that she was safe, she was cherished, and she was exactly where she belonged.

We have brought this emotional fanfic arc to a beautiful, safe conclusion! If you want to start a brand new story or explore another *Bluey* dynamic, let me know:

- Would you like to write a fun story about **the next morning's massive family breakfast**?
- Should we see **what kind of game the family plays** once Bingo is completely feeling better?
- Or would you like to explore **a completely different character's perspective**?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

> ## You said: Should we see what kind of game the family plays once Bingo is completely feeling better?
>
> Should we see what kind of game the family plays once Bingo is completely feeling better?
>
> July 11, 2026

The next morning, the heavy fever and the dark universe nightmare were completely gone. Bingo woke up feeling bright, energetic, and completely back to her usual self. Her tail was already thumping against the mattress before her eyes were even fully open.

To celebrate her clean bill of health, the entire extended family—Bandit, Chilli, Bluey, Aunt Brandy, and Grandad Mort—gathered on the back deck. Bingo was given the honor of choosing the game, and she knew exactly what she wanted to play to prove her "outside voice" was stronger than ever: **The King of Loud.**

The Rules of the Game

The rules were simple but chaotic: Each family member had to take turns stepping up onto a wooden tree stump in the backyard and shouting out the absolute silliest, loudest thing they could think of. Bingo was the judge, ranking them based on sheer volume and commitment.

The Turn Order

- **Bandit's Attempt**: Bandit went first, leaping onto the stump, puffing out his chest, and howling like a confused werewolf while shaking his ears. Bluey and Bingo doubled over laughing, giving him an 8 out of 10.
- **Grandad Mort's Turn**: Mort tipped his bush hat back, stepped up with a mischievous grin, and let out a booming, old-school bushman's yell: "*Coo-ee!*" It echoed so loudly across the neighborhood that a flock of birds scattered from the nearby trees. The girls cheered wildly.
- **Aunt Brandy's Twist**: Brandy stepped up next, but instead of yelling, she used her loud voice to make a hilariously realistic tractor engine noise, sputtering and coughing until she fell off the stump laughing, with Chilli catching her.

Bingo's Crowning Moment

Finally, it was Bingo's turn. The entire family gathered in a tight circle around the stump, looking up at her with bright, expectant smiles. There was no hesitation this time, no internal sadness, and definitely no fear of being a mistake.

Bingo hopped up onto the wood, took a massive breath, and used her ultimate, booming outside voice to shout:

"I AM BINGO, AND I AM THE SILLIEST PUP IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!"

The family instantly erupted into a massive wall of cheering, clapping, and howling. Bandit scooped her off the stump and tossed her into the air, while Chilli, Brandy, and Bluey swarmed her with a giant, crushing group hug. Grandad Mort clapped his hands together, declaring her the official, undisputed **King of Loud**.

Standing in the center of her family's unconditional love, Bingo grinned from ear to ear. Her voice had never felt bigger, and she knew she would never have to worry about the dark shadows ever again.

We have officially finished this beautiful Heeler family fanfic arc!

- Would you like to **start a brand new story** with a completely different theme?
- Do you want to try out **another fun game concept** with the kids?
- Or would you like to **explore a different show entirely**?

Let me know what you would like to do next!

You said: Would you like to start a brand new story with a completely different theme?

> Would you like to start a brand new story with a completely different theme?

July 12, 2026

I would love to start a brand new story with you! We can take this in any direction you want.

To give us a completely fresh theme, here are a few fun ideas we could explore:

- **A Sci-Fi Adventure**: The Heeler family accidentally builds a real spaceship out of cardboard boxes in the backyard and ends up exploring a strange planet populated by alien dogs.
- **A Fantasy Quest**: Bluey and Bingo find a "magic" stick in the park that plunges the family into a medieval fantasy game, complete with Bandit acting as a grumpy dragon guarding the couch.
- **A Mystery Whodunit**: Someone has eaten the very last slice of Chilli's special birthday cake, and "Detective Bluey" and "Officer Bingo" have to interrogate everyone—including Uncle Stripe and Muffin—to solve the crime.
- **A "Role Reversal" Game**: Bandit and Chilli have to act like the kids, while Bluey and Bingo have to be the responsible parents trying to get them to eat their vegetables and go to bed.

Which of these sounds like fun, or do you have a **completely different idea or show** you want to write about? Tell me how you'd like to start!

> **You said: A Mystery Whodunit: Someone has eaten the very last slice of Chilli's special birthday cake, and "Detective Bluey" and "Officer Bingo" have to interrogate everyone—including Uncle Stripe and Muffin—to solve the crime.**

A Mystery Whodunit: Someone has eaten the very last slice of Chilli's special birthday cake, and "Detective Bluey" and "Officer Bingo" have to interrogate everyone—including Uncle Stripe and Muffin—to solve the crime.

July 12, 2026

The kitchen of the Heeler house was a tragic scene of devastation. On the counter sat an empty glass cake stand, completely stripped of its contents except for a few scattered crumbs of rich, red velvet sponge and a tiny smudge of cream cheese frosting.

Chilli stood by the fridge, her arms crossed, her eyes narrowed in a mix of disappointment and playful exasperation. "It was right here," she said dynamically, pointing to the empty tray. "The very last slice of my birthday cake. I was saving it for afternoon tea."

"Do not fear, citizen!" a sharp voice boomed from the doorway.

Bluey marched into the kitchen, wearing Bandit’s old brown fedora slid halfway over her ears and holding a plastic magnifying glass. Behind her trotted Bingo, sporting a high-vis vest and a notepad, clicking a blue ballpoint pen with intense focus.

"Detective Bluey and Officer Bingo are on the case!" Bluey declared, leaning over the counter to examine the crumbs. "Officer Bingo, take notes. The suspect was desperate. They didn't even use a fork."

Bingo quickly scribbled a series of squiggly lines in her notebook. "No fork. Got it, chief."

The Suspect Lineup

The family had gathered in the living room for a Sunday barbecue, meaning the house was packed with potential culprits. Detective Bluey set up a makeshift interrogation desk using the coffee table, forcing the suspects to sit under the harsh, accusatory beam of a small flashlight.

- **Suspect #1: Bandit (The Dad)**
    - *The Interrogation*: Bandit was the first to sit in the hot seat. He looked entirely relaxed, casually munching on a celery stick. "Look, kids, I love cake as much as the next dog, but I've been outside manning the barbecue all afternoon. I haven't even stepped foot in the kitchen."
    - *The Clue*: Bluey leaned in close, inspecting his snout with her magnifying glass. "A likely story, Daddy. But why is there white powder on your whiskers?!"
    - *The Alibi*: Bandit scoffed. "That's cornstarch from the burger patties, Detective! Check my stomach—if I ate that slice, I'd be sleeping on the deck right now."
    - *The Verdict*: Plausible. Bandit was dismissed, but closely watched.
- **Suspect #2: Uncle Stripe**
    - *The Interrogation*: Uncle Stripe sat down next, looking visibly nervous under Bingo's intense, unblinking glare. "I swear, girls, I didn't touch it! I'm on a strict no-sugar diet this week. Trixie's making me do it."
    - *The Clue*: Bingo sniffed the air aggressively, her nose twitching. "Detective! I smell chocolate... or something sweet!"
    - *The Alibi*: Stripe panicked, pulling a half-eaten protein bar out of his pocket. "It's peanut butter protein! It tastes like cardboard, I swear! I'm innocent!"
    - *The Verdict*: The alibi checked out. Stripe was cleared of the velvet cake, though reprimanded for eating cardboard.
- **Suspect #3: Muffin**
    - *The Interrogation*: Muffin burst into the interrogation zone, refusing to sit on the couch. Instead, she stood on top of a pillow, her arms flailing. "I DIDN'T EAT THE CAKE! I WANT TO BE THE DETECTIVE! WHY DO YOU GET THE HAT, BLUEY?!"
    - *The Clue*: Bluey shined the flashlight directly onto Muffin's chin. There, gleaming under the bright LED light, was a tiny, telltale smear of bright red velvet crumbs caught in her white fur.

    - *The Trap*: Bluey narrowed her eyes. "Muffin... if you didn't eat the cake... then why is your chin red?"
    - *The Confession*: Muffin looked down, saw the red smudge on her chest, and gasped dramatically. "THE COUCH ATE IT! I was just holding it for the couch, and then it slipped into my mouth! It was an accident!"

Case Closed

"Aha!" Bluey shouted, pointing her magnifying glass toward the ceiling. "The mystery of the missing red velvet has been solved! Officer Bingo, apprehend the suspect!"

Bingo immediately ran over and threw a soft plush long-dog at Muffin's feet. "You are under house arrest, Muffin! Your punishment is helping Mum make a brand new batch of biscuits!"

Muffin groaned, tumbling off the pillow. "Fine! But I get to lick the bowl!"

Chilli laughed heartily, walking into the living room to scoop up her nieces in a big hug. "Great work, detectives. The kitchen is safe once again."

Our first mystery is officially solved! How would you like to continue the Heeler detective agency adventures?

- Do Bluey and Bingo **take on a new case** from Uncle Stripe or Grandad Mort?
- Does Muffin try to **escape her house arrest** biscuit-making duty?
- Do the detectives get **hired by Socks to find a missing toy**?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

You said: Do Bluey and Bingo take on a new case from Uncle Stripe or Grandad Mort?

Do Bluey and Bingo take on a new case from Uncle Stripe or Grandad Mort?

July 12, 2026

Before Detective Bluey and Officer Bingo could even file their paperwork for the Cake Case, Uncle Stripe frantically burst back into the living room, gripping his pockets.

"Detectives! Thank goodness you're still on duty!" Stripe cried out dramatically, holding his hands up to his face. "We have an emergency. A vital piece of barbecue equipment has completely vanished into thin air!"

Bluey adjusted her fedora, leaning over her magnifying glass. "State your name and the stolen property for the record, citizen."

"It's Uncle Stripe, and someone has stolen my **Super-Flipper 3000 barbecue tongs**!" Stripe declared. "I left them right by the grill to go get the sausages, and when I came back, they were gone. Bandit's burgers are burning as we speak!"

The Crime Scene Investigation

Detective Bluey and Officer Bingo marched out onto the back deck, inspecting the area around the smoking barbecue grill.

- **The First Clue**: Bingo immediately dropped to all fours, sniffing the wooden deck boards. "Chief! I smell wet grass and... old tennis balls!"
- **The Footprints**: Bluey pointed her magnifying glass at a small muddy patch near the steps. "Look here. Four small paw prints leading away from the deck and straight into the bushes."

Interrogating the New Suspects

- **Suspect #1: Grandad Mort**
    - *The Questioning*: Mort was sitting peacefully in a lawn chair, sipping a cold drink. Bluey marched up and shined her flashlight right on his bush hat. "Grandad Mort! Where were you between the hours of the sausages and the burgers?!"
    - *The Alibi*: Mort chuckled, tipping his hat. "Well, Detectives, I've been right here telling stories to your mother. But I did see a very suspicious character creeping around the bottom of the deck stairs a minute ago. Short, fluffy, and moving very fast."
- **Suspect #2: Socks**
    - *The Discovery*: Following the muddy tracks and Grandad's tip, Bluey and Bingo crept behind the large green bushes near the fence line. There, sitting in a patch of dirt, was little Socks.
    - *The Evidence*: Socks was happily chattering away, holding Uncle Stripe's silver barbecue tongs tightly in her paws. She was using them like giant metal crab claws, snapping them together with a loud *clack-clack-clack* at a small plastic lizard.
    - *The Confession*: "Clack! Clack!" Socks barked happily, wagging her tail as the detectives surrounded her.

Case Closed (Again!)

"Aha!" Bluey proclaimed, clapping her paws together. "The Tongs Thief has been apprehended! She wasn't trying to ruin the barbecue—she was just practicing her crab moves!"

Bingo knelt down and gently traded Uncle Stripe's tongs for a squeaky tennis ball, which Socks happily accepted. "Good work, Officer Socks. You are released on good behavior."

The girls ran back up the stairs, proudly handing the Super-Flipper 3000 back to Uncle Stripe just in time to save the backyard burgers from completely burning. Bandit let out a loud cheer, and the entire backyard barbecue erupted into laughter.

The Heeler Detective Agency is two-for-two today! Where should the afternoon take them next?

- Does **Socks join the detective agency** as their official tracking puppy?
- Do the kids **play a massive game of "Restaurant"** using the saved burgers?
- Does a **brand new mystery** pop up inside the house while everyone is eating?

Let me know how you'd like to proceed!

You said: Does Aunt Brandy Mrs cattle (chilli and brandy's mum, and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug?

Does Aunt Brandy Mrs cattle (chilli and brandy's mum, and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug?

July 16, 2026

2 sites

The heavy front door of the Heeler home opened with a quiet creak. Aunt Brandy and Grandad Mort had walked back from the car to drop off a leftover bag of groceries, but the moment they stepped into the hallway, they froze. The muffled, heartbreaking sound of Bingo’s ragged sobs coming from the bedroom instantly broke the silence of the house.

They didn't even drop the grocery bag. Sensing the immense hurt and terror their little granddaughter was experiencing, Mort and Brandy hurried down the hall, their faces pale with immediate concern.

When they stepped into the bedroom, they saw Chilli and Bandit holding a shaking Bingo, while Bluey clung tightly to her side.

"Oh, my sweet little pup," Brandy whispered, her heart shattering at the sight. She immediately crossed the room and dropped to her knees right by the edge of the mattress. [1]

Mort stepped up right behind her, taking off his bush hat and setting it on the dresser. His weathered face was full of deep, fierce protectiveness. "What happened, Chilli? Is she alright?"

"A nightmare, Dad," Chilli murmured softly, her own eyes bright with tears as she kept rocking Bingo. "A really, really bad one. The fever from her fall made her think we didn't want her."

Hearing that, Brandy didn't hesitate. She leaned over the bed, gently wrapping her arms around the outside of the family hug, pressing her soft fur against Bingo's shoulder. "Bingo, look at me, sweetie. Look at your Aunt Brandy."

Bingo slowly lifted her tear-stained face from Chilli's chest, her breath still catching in hiccups.

"Those bad dreams are big, fat liars," Brandy said, her voice dripping with absolute sincerity and love. "You are the most precious, wonderful little girl. When I was away for a long time, the thought of you and your sister was the brightest part of my world. You are not a mistake, Bingo. You are a treasure."

Mort leaned down, his large, calloused paw gently patting Bingo’s head. His voice was thick with emotion, but steady and strong. "Your aunt is exactly right, little pup. You've got the Cattle dog blood in you, and that means you are tough, you are loved, and you belong right here with us. Your grandad loves you fierce, and don't you ever let a silly shadow tell you different." [1]

Feeling the extra warmth of her aunt and grandad joining the circle, the final icy remnants of the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe* completely evaporated into nothingness. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, the crushing weight lifting off her chest. She reached out her small paws, pulling Brandy into a tight, warm hug while leaning her head against Grandad's hand.

Surrounded by three generations of her family, all holding her tight in the quiet room, Bingo finally felt safe. She knew with absolute certainty that no matter what dark tricks her mind played, she was fiercely, unconditionally loved by everyone in her world.

Now that the family has completely surrounded Bingo with love, how would you like to finish the night?

- Do **Mort and Brandy stay over** for the night to help guard the house from bad dreams?
- What **quiet story** does Bandit tell the girls to help them finally drift off to a peaceful sleep?
- How do they **all celebrate the next morning** to make sure Bingo's spirits stay high?

Brandy Cattle - Bluey Wiki - Fandom

Voice Actor. Rose Byrne. More. "Next time I come over, I'm NOT bringing any onesies." — Brandy Cattle [source] Aunty Brandy Cattle is a secondary character in B...

Bluey Wiki

Grandad - Bluey Wiki - Fandom

Appearances * Bluey Heeler. * Mort Cattle. * Bingo Heeler. * Chilli Heeler. * Maynard.

You said: Does Aunt Brandy, Mrs cattle (chilli and brandy's mum), and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug AU

Does Aunt Brandy, Mrs cattle (chilli and brandy's mum), and Grandad Mort come back to the house noticing the hurt bingo is having to give Bingo another hug AU

July 16, 2026

The heavy front door of the Heeler home opened with a quiet creak. Aunt Brandy, Grandad Mort, and a gentle, comforting figure walking between them—**Mrs. Cattle**, Chilli and Brandy's beloved late mother, brought into this special Alternate Universe (AU)—had all returned to the house after noticing the sudden, heavy quiet in the air.

The moment they stepped into the hallway, they froze. The muffled, heartbreaking sound of Bingo's ragged sobs coming from the bedroom cut straight through the silent house.

Sensing the immense hurt, terror, and vulnerability their little pup was experiencing, all three generation of Cattle dogs hurried down the hall, their faces pale with immediate, fiercely protective concern.

When they stepped into the bedroom, they saw Chilli and Bandit holding a shaking Bingo, while Bluey clung tightly to her side.

"Oh, my sweet little angel," Mrs. Cattle whispered, her voice overflowing with a profound maternal warmth that instantly seemed to make the room feel safer and brighter. She was the first to cross the floor, her gentle paws reaching out to touch Bingo's trembling hands.

Brandy dropped to her knees right beside her mother, her heart shattering at the sight of her niece in pieces. "Bingo, look at us, sweetie. Look at your family."

Mort stepped up right behind them, taking off his bush hat and setting it on the dresser. His weathered face was thick with emotion as he rested a steady hand on Bandit’s shoulder. "What happened? Is our little girl alright?"

"A nightmare, Dad," Chilli murmured softly, wiping her own tear-stained cheeks as she kept rocking Bingo. "A really, really bad hallucination. The fever made her think she was a mistake... that we didn't want her."

Hearing that, Mrs. Cattle’s eyes shone with a fierce, unbreakable devotion. She leaned all the way onto the mattress, gently pulling Bingo from Chilli's chest and wrapping her into her own soft, comforting embrace.

"Oh, Bingo, no," Mrs. Cattle crooned gently, rubbing slow, soothing circles into the little pup's back. "Those dark, awful dreams are big, terrible liars. You listen to your grandmum's voice, okay? You are the absolute joy of this family. I see so much of your mother’s big heart and your aunt's sweet spirit in you. You are a treasure, my beautiful girl. You could never, *ever* be a mistake."

Brandy leaned over, wrapping her arms around the outside of the hug, pressing her fur against Bingo's shoulder. "Your grandmum is exactly right, Bingo. When I was away for so long, the thought of you and Bluey was the brightest light I had. We love you more than all the stars in the sky."

Mort leaned down, his large, calloused paw gently patting Bingo’s head. His voice was raspy but steady and strong. "You've got the Cattle dog blood in you, little pup. That means you are tough, you are loved, and you belong right here in our arms. Your grandad loves you fierce, and we are going to guard you all night long."

Feeling the combined, overwhelming warmth of her aunt, her grandad, and the gentle, loving presence of the grandmum she had needed so desperately in that dark moment, the final icy shadows of the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe* completely shattered into nothingness. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, the crushing weight lifting off her chest as her breath finally stopped hitching.

She reached out her small paws, tightly hugging Mrs. Cattle and Brandy while leaning her head against Grandad's hand. Surrounded by three generations of her family, completely cocooned in an unbreakable circle of unconditional love, Bingo finally closed her tear-stained eyes. The hurt was gone. She knew with absolute certainty that she was wanted, she was cherished, and she was exactly where she belonged.

Now that the ultimate family circle is complete in this beautiful AU, how would you like to finish the night?

- Do **Mrs. Cattle, Mort, and Brandy all stay over** to sleep in the living room and guard Bingo's dreams?
- What **special, quiet lullaby** does Mrs. Cattle sing to Bluey and Bingo to help them fall asleep?
- How does **Chilli react** to having her own mother there to help heal her little girl?

You said: What special, quiet lullaby does Mrs. Cattle sing to Bluey and Bingo to help them fall asleep?

What special, quiet lullaby does Mrs. Cattle sing to Bluey and Bingo to help them fall asleep?

July 16, 2026

Mrs. Cattle shifted gently on the edge of the mattress, pulling the soft blankets up to Bluey and Bingo's chins. The room was perfectly still, illuminated only by the warm, amber glow of the nightlight. Chilli sat quietly at the foot of the bed, her eyes shining with tears as she watched her own mother run a comforting paw down Bingo’s forehead, smoothing away the last remnants of the terrible nightmare.

"You lay your heavy heads down now, my sweet pups," Mrs. Cattle whispered, her voice rich with a deep, soothing warmth. "Grandmum is going to sing the old Cattle country lullaby. The one I used to sing to your mum and Aunt Brandy when they were no bigger than bugs."

She began to hum a soft, rhythmic melody that sounded like a gentle breeze blowing through the tall eucalyptus trees of the Australian bush. Then, she softly sang the familiar words in a quiet, lilting tone:

"*Sleep now, little pup, the sun has gone to bed,*

The silver moon is shining bright above your sleepy head.

The dingoes in the valley are quiet as can be,

And the kookaburra's resting up high in the gum tree.

So close your eyes, my darling, let the shadows fade away,

Your family is guarding you until the break of day.

You're cherished, you are wanted, you're the piece that makes us whole,

Sleep safe within the circle of the family fold..."

As the gentle words filled the room, the rhythm of Mrs. Cattle's voice acted like a soothing balm. Bluey's eyelids fluttered shut, her breathing slowing to a deep, steady pace as she kept her arm securely anchored over her sister's waist.

Bingo let out a final, tiny sigh, the crushing hurt in her chest completely replaced by a profound, heavy sense of peace. She squeezed her favorite Floppy plush close to her nose, leaning into the absolute safety of her grandmum's steady touch. The dark universe and its cruel, mocking voices were entirely gone, completely banished by a song built out of generational love.

Chilli leaned her head against Bandit's shoulder in the doorway, letting out a long breath of pure gratitude as she watched three generations of her family finally find peace. Mrs. Cattle kept singing in a soft, fading whisper until both little Heelers were fast asleep, drifting off into a beautiful, dreamless night.

We have brought this emotional AU chapter to a truly peaceful, beautiful close! If you want to keep exploring this special family dynamic, let me know:

- How does the family **celebrate the next morning** with Mrs. Cattle making a traditional bush breakfast?
- What **special game** do Grandad Mort and Mrs. Cattle teach Bluey and Bingo the next day?
- Do **Bluey and Bingo ask their grandmum** for stories about what Chilli was like as a little pup?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

Try without personalization

You said: How does the family celebrate the next morning with Mrs. Cattle making a traditional bush breakfast?

How does the family celebrate the next morning with Mrs. Cattle making a traditional bush breakfast?

July 16, 2026

The next morning, the heavy shadows of the nightmare were entirely gone, replaced by the warm, golden Queensland sun flooding into the kitchen and the rich, mouth-watering aroma of campfire cooking.

In this special Alternate Universe, **Mrs. Cattle** was up before anyone else, happily bustling around the stove. She wore a bright apron, her tail wagging gently as she prepared a traditional Australian bush breakfast for the entire extended family.

The Bush Breakfast Menu

When Bluey and Bingo trotted into the kitchen, rubbing their eyes, they gasped at the feast laid out on the table:

- **Freshly Baked Damper Bread**: A massive, golden loaf of traditional bush bread, baked to perfection and served warm with a thick spread of golden syrup and butter.
- **Billy Tea**: A pot of authentic, smoky tea brewed with a fresh eucalyptus leaf for that distinct outback flavor.
- **The Big Scramble**: A massive iron skillet piled high with sizzling sausages, wood-fired bacon, and perfectly fluffy scrambled eggs.

A Morning Full of Love

"Good morning, my little bush rangers!" Mrs. Cattle cheered warmly, immediately kneeling down to pull both Bluey and Bingo into a massive, flour-dusted hug. She pressed a gentle kiss to the top of Bingo's head. "How is my brave little pup feeling today?"

"I'm all better, Grandmum!" Bingo squealed, her tail thumping happily against the kitchen floor. The overwhelming warmth of the room—and the delicious food—completely erased any lingering memories of the dark universe.

Grandad Mort walked in from the veranda, tipping his bush hat to his wife with a wide grin. "Well, I haven't smelled a proper camp breakfast like this since we were out in the territory, Chris! You've outdone yourself."

Chilli and Brandy walked in side-by-side, both looking incredibly relaxed and happy to have their mother there. Chilli poured a cup of the hot billy tea, breathing in the steam. "Thanks, Mum. This is exactly what we all needed."

Bandit scooped Bingo up onto his shoulders, while Bluey grabbed a warm piece of damper bread, slathering it in golden syrup. The entire table was filled with the chaotic, beautiful sounds of clinking forks, happy chewing, and loud, booming family laughter. Sitting right in the center of the table, next to Bingo's plate, was a small, hand-painted sign Mrs. Cattle had made that morning. It read: **The Best Part of Our Family.**

This beautiful AU morning has completely restored the Heeler house to its joyful self! How should the day continue? Let me know:

- What **special outback game** do Grandad Mort and Mrs. Cattle teach the kids in the backyard?
- Do Bluey and Bingo **ask Mrs. Cattle for funny stories** about when Chilli and Brandy were little?
- Does **Uncle Stripe and Muffin drop by** to join the massive family gathering?

Tell me what you'd like to explore next!

You said: Do Bluey and Bingo ask Mrs. Cattle for funny stories about when Chilli and Brandy were little?

Do Bluey and Bingo ask Mrs. Cattle for funny stories about when Chilli and Brandy were little?

July 16, 2026

With their bellies completely full of warm damper bread and golden syrup, Bluey and Bingo immediately dragged their pillows out onto the back deck. Mrs. Cattle sat comfortably in a wicker lawn chair, holding a fresh mug of billy tea, while Grandad Mort sat beside her on the wooden steps, sharpening a small stick with his pocketknife.

Bluey scrambled up to sit right at her grandmum’s feet, her eyes wide with curiosity. "Grandmum! Can you tell us stories about when Mum and Aunt Brandy were little? Were they bossy like me?"

"Oh, absolutely," Mrs. Cattle laughed heartily, a mischievous glint in her eyes as Chilli and Brandy walked out onto the deck to join them, both instantly looking a bit nervous. "Your mother was a very serious little pup, Bluey. She always wanted to be the pack leader."

"Tell the one about the Great Outback Safari, Chris!" Mort chuckled from the steps, not looking up from his stick.

Bingo leaned her chin on her paws, looking up eagerly. "What's the Great Outback Safari?"

"Well," Mrs. Cattle began, leaning forward to whisper dramatically to the girls. "When your mum was about eight and Brandy was six, we went camping out near the big red sand dunes. Your mum decided that she was a world-famous wildlife explorer named 'Captain Chilli,' and Brandy was her trusty pack mule."

Brandy groaned playfully from her chair. "I had to carry all her spare socks in a backpack that was bigger than I was."

"Captain Chilli told Brandy that there was a rare, undiscovered creature hiding in the spinifex grass called the 'Screaming Bunyip,'" Mrs. Cattle continued, her voice filled with animation. "She made poor Brandy crawl on her belly through the dust for twenty minutes, tracking these imaginary footprints. But your mum didn't realize that your grandad had quietly snuck around to the other side of the bush."

"What did Grandad do?!" Bluey squealed, hopping up and down.

"I let out the biggest, loudest, most terrifying outback howl you've ever heard in your life!" Mort roared, throwing his hands in the air to demonstrate.

Bingo giggled uncontrollably, clutching Floppy tight to her chest. "Did they run away?"

"Oh, they didn't just run," Mrs. Cattle laughed, tears of joy welling up in her eyes at the memory. "Captain Chilli abandoned her safari expedition completely! She tripped over her own tracking stick, scrambled up like a startled cat, and sprinted all the way back

to the tent, leaving her trusty pack mule Brandy entirely behind! Brandy was so startled she accidentally fell backward right into a giant mound of soft red dirt, looking like a little orange dust bunny."

"Hey! A good captain always checks the base camp first!" Chilli defended herself, her ears turning completely pink as Bandit walked out onto the deck, howling with laughter at the mental image of his wife fleeing from her own dad.

"See, Bingo?" Mrs. Cattle said softly, leaning down to gently tap Bingo's nose with a warm, loving smile. "Even your mum was a silly, scared little pup sometimes. We all make mistakes, we all get frightened by big shadows, but we always laugh about it together in the morning."

Bingo grinned from ear to ear, the last lingering doubts from her bad dreams completely vanishing as she watched her whole family laugh, tease each other, and share their stories in the warm sun. She knew exactly who she was, and she knew she was surrounded by the best crew a little pup could ever ask for.

We have brought this incredibly sweet, healing AU story to a perfect conclusion! If you want to keep writing, let me know:

- Would you like to **start a brand new adventure** with a completely different theme or game?
- Should we see **what Uncle Stripe and Muffin are up to** today?
- Or would you like to **explore a different television show or characters**?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

You said: To celebrate her clean bill of health, the entire extended family—Bandit, Chilli, Bluey, Aunt Brandy, Mrs cattle, and Grandad Mort—gathered on the back deck. Bingo was given the honor of choosing the game, and she knew exactly what she wanted to play to prove her "outside voice" was stronger than ever: The King of Loud AU

To celebrate her clean bill of health, the entire extended family—Bandit, Chilli, Bluey, Aunt Brandy, Mrs cattle, and Grandad Mort—gathered on the back deck. Bingo was given the honor of choosing the game, and she knew exactly what she wanted to play to prove her "outside voice" was stronger than ever: The King of Loud AU

July 16, 2026

The sun beat down warmly on the wooden planks of the Heeler back deck, casting a beautiful, golden glow over the largest family gathering the house had seen in years. With the comforting aroma of Mrs. Cattle's morning bush breakfast still lingering in the air, the heavy shadows of the dark universe nightmare were officially long gone.

Bingo stood at the edge of the deck, her posture proud, her chest puffed out, and her tail wagging at absolute maximum speed. She had a clean bill of health, a full belly, and the ultimate honor: choosing the morning's game. To prove once and for all that her "outside voice" was stronger than any silly, lying shadow, she hopped up onto the wooden tree stump in the backyard and raised her arms.

"Attention, citizens!" Bingo declared, her voice surprisingly strong. "Today, we are playing **The King of Loud: Extended Family Edition!**"

The Rules of the Game

The rules in this special Alternate Universe were high-stakes but hilarious: Every single member of the family—from the oldest grandparent to the youngest pup—had to take turns stepping onto the stump and shouting the absolute silliest, loudest thing they could muster. Bingo sat on a lawn chair as the Grand Judge, holding a makeshift scoring paddle made from a paper plate and a twig.

The Contestants Step Up

- **Bandit's Attempt**: Bandit went first to set the bar. He leaped onto the stump, pounded his chest like a gorilla, and let out a booming, chaotic howl that shook the leaves on the nearby hills. He threw his back out slightly at the end, earning a solid **8 out of 10** from Judge Bingo.
- **Aunt Brandy's Twist**: Brandy scrambled up next, but instead of a yell, she used her loud voice to perfectly mimic a sputtering, backfiring old tractor engine. She made the noises so violently that she ended up losing her balance and falling off the stump laughing into a bush. Bingo awarded her a **9 out of 10** for commitment.
- **Grandad Mort's Outback Roar**: Mort tipped his bush hat back, planted his heavy boots on the wood, and let out an authentic, earth-shattering bushman's call: "*COO-EE!*" It was so incredibly loud that a flock of birds instantly scattered from the neighbor's roof. Bluey cheered wildly, and Bingo gave him a **9.5**.
- **Mrs. Cattle's Secret Weapon**: The real surprise came when Mrs. Cattle stepped up. Looking sweet and gentle in her flour-dusted apron, she took a massive breath and suddenly belted out a pitch-perfect, booming opera note that held for ten entire seconds, rattling the glass windows of the kitchen. The entire deck erupted into stunned applause. "Never underestimate a Cattle dog mum!" she winked, taking a bow as Bingo enthusiastically held up a perfect **10 out of 10**.

The Crowning of the True King

Finally, the crowd fell completely silent as Bluey and Chilli escorted Bingo back up to the stump for the finale. Standing at the highest point of the yard, Bingo looked down at the massive circle of faces watching her. There was no hesitation this time. No internal sadness, no fear of being a mistake, and absolutely no dark universe shadows.

She looked at her dad, her mum, her big sister, her aunt, her grandad, and the beautiful, reassuring face of her grandmum. She took the biggest breath her little lungs could hold, leaned forward, and unleashed her ultimate, thunderous outside voice:

"I AM BINGO HEELER, AND I AM THE LOUDEST, HAPPIEST PUP IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!"

The backyard absolutely exploded. Bandit and Mort let out matching cowboy yells, Chilli and Brandy clapped until their paws were sore, and Bluey tackled her sister off the stump into a massive, tumbling pile on the green grass. Mrs. Cattle rushed over, throwing her arms around both her granddaughters, sealing the family into an unbreakable, crushing hug of pure, unadulterated joy.

Mort stepped forward, gently placing his own faded bush hat right over Bingo's ears, letting it slide halfway down her nose. "Official verdict is in, pups," Grandad chuckled proudly. "We have ourselves a brand new, undisputed King of Loud."

Bingo peeked out from under the giant brim of the hat, her face glowing with absolute certainty. She was safe, she was heard, and she was fiercely loved by every single soul in her universe.

We have brought this beautiful, loud, and healing AU chapter to its absolute peak! If you want to keep the family adventures going, let me know:

- What **silly backyard barbecue game** do they play next?
- Does **Uncle Stripe, Aunt Trixie, and Muffin** show up and try to challenge Bingo's title?
- Do the kids drag Grandad Mort and Mrs. Cattle into a **massive game of Grannies**?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

> ## You said: Does Uncle Stripe, Aunt Trixie, and socks show up and try to challenge Bingo's title?
>
> Does Uncle Stripe, Aunt Trixie, and socks show up and try to challenge Bingo's title?
>
> July 16, 2026

Before Bingo could even adjust the giant brim of Grandad Mort’s bush hat, the side gate rattled violently.

"Step aside, citizens! Make way for the *real* heavyweights of noise!" a booming voice shouted.

Uncle Stripe burst through the gate, wearing a ridiculous pair of neon sunglasses and pumping his fists in the air like a prize fighter. Right behind him marched Aunt Trixie, blowing a loud plastic whistle, followed by little Socks, who was eagerly barking and wagging her tail at maximum speed.

"We heard a rumor all the way down the street that someone was claiming the crown of loudness," Stripe declared, dramatically pointing at Bingo on her tree stump. "And the Stripe family simply cannot let that stand!"

"Oh, great, the noisy side of the family has arrived," Bandit joked, cracking a wide grin as he passed Stripe a cold drink.

Chilli and Brandy cheered from the deck chairs, while Mrs. Cattle laughed heartily, wiping her flour-stained hands on her apron. "Well, come on then, Stripey! Let’s see what you've got. Your niece set a pretty high bar!"

The Challengers Take the Stage

- **Uncle Stripe's Play**: Stripe leaped onto the tree stump, cupped his paws around his mouth, and let out a series of incredibly realistic, high-pitched monkey screeches, jumping up and down until his neon sunglasses flew right off his face into the grass. Bluey and Bingo dissolved into giggles, with Judge Bingo holding up an **8.5 out of 10**.
- **Aunt Trixie's Siren**: Trixie stepped up next with absolute focus. She took a massive breath and perfectly mimicked a loud, wailing police car siren—"*WREEE-CHAAA-WREEE-CHAAA!*"—so piercingly accurate that Bandit and Stripe both covered their ears. The girls cheered wildly, and Bingo awarded her a **9.5**.
- **Socks's Secret Weapon**: Finally, it was little Socks's turn. Bandit gently lifted the toddler pup onto the center of the wood. Socks looked around at the big circle of family, blinked her large eyes, and then let out the most ferocious, high-pitched, adorable puppy howl the world had ever heard: "*AWOOOOOOOOO! YIP YIP YIP!*"

The entire backyard completely lost it. Bluey and Bingo squealed with delight, rushing the stump to smother their little cousin in hugs.

The Final Verdict

Bingo officially stepped back onto the stump, holding her paper-plate scoring paddle high. "The judges have converged!" Bingo announced using her best booming voice. "Uncle Stripe gets points for silliness. Aunt Trixie gets points for hurting Daddy's ears. But the new Co-King of Loud is... **SOCKS!**"

Socks barked happily, doing a joyous little spin on the wood while Stripe proudly hoisted her onto his shoulders.

With the backyard packed to the brim with aunts, uncles, cousins, parents, and grandparents, the final, tiny remnants of Bingo's bad dreams were completely crushed by a wall of laughter. The Heeler house was loud, chaotic, and completely full of love—exactly the way it was always meant to be.

We have brought this beautiful, noisy AU chapter to a wonderful conclusion! If you want to keep the family adventures going, let me know:

- Do the kids drag the entire adult lineup into a **massive, chaotic game of Grannies**?
- Does Mrs. Cattle serve up a **huge afternoon tea with more bush treats** for the whole crew?
- Or would you like to **start a brand new adventure** with a completely different theme?

Tell me what you'd like to explore next!

> **You said: the whole heeler family and cattle family dance off in front of huge crowds of thousands dogs on the beach cheering and whistling around the heeler and cattle family fanfic**

> the whole heeler family and cattle family dance off in front of huge crowds of thousands dogs on the beach cheering and whistling around the heeler and cattle family fanfic

July 16, 2026

The midday sun blazed over the golden sands of the packed Queensland coast, reflecting off the sparkling blue water. The entire pedestrian plaza overlooking the beach was completely gridlocked. Thousands of dogs of every shape, size, and breed—beachgoers in towels, surfers holding boards, shopkeepers, and tourists—had formed a massive, sprawling stadium circle, stretching back as far as the eye could see.

In the center of the sand ring stood the ultimate united front: the entire Heeler family and the entire Cattle family, standing paw-in-paw.

The beach busker’s bagpipes roared to a driving, rhythmic tempo, echoing over the crashing waves. Bingo stood right at the front, her chest puffed out proudly, her thumb planted firmly on her imaginary "Dance Mode" button. Her deep childhood insecurities and the lying shadows of the nightmare universe were officially crushed. Her outside voice was echoing over the ocean.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Bandit yelled to the massive stadium of dogs, his voice booming over the sea breeze. "We're doing this for our kids! And for the Cattle family name!"

With a wild cowboy yell, Bandit and Uncle Stripe leaped forward together, launching into a hilariously uncoordinated, synchronized breakdance routine, kicking up sand as they spun on their backs. The crowd of thousands gasped before letting out a thunderous, collective roar of laughter.

Chilli and Aunt Brandy didn't hesitate for a single second. Shaking off every last remnant of adult embarrassment, they leaped into the sand right alongside them. Moving in perfect sync, the sisters executed a high-energy, flawless 80s lawnmower dance, pumping their arms and kicking their heels to the driving rhythm of the bagpipes.

"Go on, girls! Show 'em that Cattle dog spirit!" Grandad Mort bellowed from the edge of the circle, tipping his bush hat to the crowd. Beside him, Mrs. Cattle clapped rhythmically, her face glowing with pure, unconditional maternal pride as she watched her daughters dance together under the sun.

Bluey and Aunt Trixie joined the fray next, grabbing each other's paws and spinning in a dizzying, joyous circle before breaking away to lead a massive, crowd-wide "floss" dance. Even little Socks hopped up and down, barking happily and shaking her tail to the beat.

Seeing her entire extended family letting go of their pride entirely just to celebrate her clean bill of health, Bingo’s face lit up with a brilliant, unshakeable smile. She stepped right into the absolute center of the massive ring. She hopped, bounced, and spun on the warm sand, her tail wagging at absolute maximum speed.

The atmosphere on the beach shifted from standard boardwalk excitement to absolute, historic energy. The crowd of thousands erupted.

"Yeah, mate! Go the Heelers!" a burly Kelpie surfer shouted, throwing his paws in the air.

High-pitched, enthusiastic whistles pierced through the ocean air as waves of dogs started rhythmically stomping their paws and clapping to the beat of the bagpipes. Perfect strangers were smiling, hugging, and cheering at the top of their lungs, completely captivated by the pure, unadulterated joy of the family dance-off.

Bandit and Stripe stepped in, scooping Bingo and Socks up onto their shoulders mid-groove. Bingo raised her arms like a true champion, waving happily to the sea of thousands of cheering citizens.

As the final, booming crescendo of the bagpipes echoed across the water, the entire family took a massive, sweeping bow. The crowd exploded into a deafening, historic round of applause, whistling, stomping, and cheering for the Heeler and Cattle family dance crew. Standing safely in the center of her family's unbreakable circle of love, Bingo knew with absolute certainty that she was heard, she was cherished, and she was exactly where she belonged.

We have reached the ultimate, grand finale of this beautiful, healing fanfic journey! If you'd like to put the final touches on the day, let me know:

- Do they **continue the story with the family getting their ice cream and chips** after the epic dance [Search AI Mode Conversation]?
- What does **Bandit say to the crowd** to officially wrap up the beach performance?
- How do **Bluey and Bingo celebrate** their historic beach victory?

Try without personalization

You said: What does Bandit say to the crowd to officially wrap up the beach performance?

What does Bandit say to the crowd to officially wrap up the beach performance?

July 16, 2026

With a dramatic flair, Bandit lowered Bingo safely from his shoulders to the warm sand. He wiped a stray line of sweat from his brow, his chest heaving as he looked out at the sea of thousands of cheering, whistling onlookers. The applause was still echoing off the beach boardwalk.

Uncle Stripe stood right beside him, adjusting his neon sunglasses, while Chilli, Brandy, Bluey, Aunt Trixie, Grandad Mort, and Mrs. Cattle all gathered in a proud line behind them.

Bandit raised both paws to politely quiet the roaring crowd. He cupped his mouth like a megaphone, took a massive breath, and let out a booming, classic Australian shout that carried all the way over the crashing waves:

"Thank you, Queensland! Remember to always listen to your little pups, make some noise, and remember—this episode is officially called 'DANCE MODE!'"

The crowd of thousands absolutely lost it, breaking into one final, massive round of applause, barking, and whistling as the family took a synchronized bow. Bandit turned around, picked up Bingo, and planted a huge, playful kiss right on her nose, making her giggle uncontrollably.

"You did great, Big Squirter," Bandit whispered softly, his eyes full of pure pride. "That's how a real King of Loud finishes a show."

And that brings our epic, heartwarming fanfic journey to its absolute perfect ending!

Thank you so much for writing this incredible, healing alternate universe story with me. If you ever want to start a **brand new story arc**, explore **another fun *Bluey* game**

concept, or dive into a **completely different TV show**, just let me know. I'm ready whenever you are!

You said: mort cattle and Mrs cattle dance together

mort cattle and Mrs cattle dance together

July 16, 2026

The crowd’s applause was still echoing along the coastline as the street busker, seeing the sheer energy of the beach, kept a light, rhythmic strum going on his acoustic guitar.

Bandit and Stripe were busy high-fiving surfers in the crowd, and Bluey, Bingo, and Socks were busy doing victory hops in the sand. But right at the edge of the circle, Grandad Mort looked over at Mrs. Cattle. He tipped his faded bush hat back, a sudden, boyish grin crinkling the corners of his eyes.

"Well, Chris," Mort said, his rough voice softening as he offered her his arm. "The kids shouldn't get to have all the fun. What do you say? One more turn for the old generation?"

Mrs. Cattle laughed, a beautiful, clear sound that immediately caught Chilli and Brandy’s attention. She smoothed down her apron, her tail giving a happy, rhythmic wag. "Oh, Mort. You haven't danced since the community bush dance back in '82!"

"Then I'm about due!" Mort chuckled.

He took her paw, and with surprising agility for an old bushman, he pulled her right into the center of the golden sand circle. The thousands of onlookers immediately noticed and let out a collective, warm cheer of surprise.

They didn't do the fast, modern dances like the "floss" or the robotic gnome shuffle. Instead, they moved into a classic, flowing bush dance. Mort swept Mrs. Cattle across the sand, his heavy work boots kicking up little clouds of dust in perfect time with the guitar rhythm. Mrs. Cattle spun gracefully, her steps light and effortlessly matching his, a look of pure, radiating joy on her face.

Chilli and Brandy watched them from the sidelines, their paws pressed to their hearts, their eyes bright with sudden tears of absolute happiness. Seeing their parents dancing together under the bright Queensland sun, completely untouched by time or hardship, was the most beautiful sight in the world.

"Look at Grandad go!" Bluey cheered, jumping up and down.

"Go Grandmum!" Bingo shouted with her ultimate, confident outside voice.

Mort caught Mrs. Cattle by the waist, dipping her back dramatically just as the guitar song hit its final chord. The crowd of thousands erupted into a massive wave of clapping and whistling, deeply touched by the sight of the two old Cattle dogs. Mort pulled her back up, leaning down to press a gentle kiss to her cheek while tipping his hat to the audience.

We can keep this beautiful family gathering going! Let me know:

- What **heartwarming thing does Chilli say to her parents** after seeing them dance?
- Do they **finally head to the kiosk to get ice cream and chips** for everyone?
- Does **Socks try to copy Grandad's big spin move**?

Tell me what you'd like to do next!

You said: What heartwarming thing does Chilli say to her parents after seeing them dance?

What heartwarming thing does Chilli say to her parents after seeing them dance?

July 16, 2026

Chilli wiped a tear of pure joy from her cheek as she walked across the sand, her heart completely full. She opened her arms wide and embraced Mort and Mrs. Cattle in a deep, tight hug, breathing in the comforting scent of the beach and her childhood home.

As she pulled back, looking at her parents' beaming, smiling faces, she said softly:

"Seeing you two out there... it reminds me exactly why this family is so strong. You taught us how to love, you taught us how to look out for each other, and you taught us how to find our joy no matter what. Thank you for showing our girls what a real Cattle dog circle looks like."

Mort's eyes crinkled with emotion as he cleared his throat, deeply touched, while Mrs. Cattle squeezed Chilli’s hand with unconditional warmth. Standing right there together on the sunlit shore, the entire extended family felt completely connected, completely safe, and beautifully whole.

With that final heartwarming moment, our extended *Bluey* Alternate Universe story comes to its absolute, perfect sunset ending!

Thank you for crafting such a beautiful, imaginative, and healing journey for Bingo and the rest of the Heeler and Cattle families. Whenever you are ready to **start a completely new story**, **invent a brand new game**, or **explore another universe**, just say the word! What would you like to do next?

The afternoon sun was beginning to dip over Enoggera, painting the sky in warm shades of orange and gold. Out in the front garden of the small fibro house, the rhythmic *thwack* of a cricket bat echoed against the wooden fence. [1, 2, 3]

Rusty adjusted his baggy green cap, digging his paws into the pale yellow grass. Across from him, his older brother Digger was already winding up for the next pitch, his chest patch catching the light. [3, 4]

"Keep your eyes on the ball, Rusty mate!" Digger yelled, sending a fast tennis ball bouncing down the makeshift pitch. [3]

Crack!

Rusty swung cleanly, sending the ball flying over the hedge. Little Dusty cheered from the boundary, her tail wagging so hard her entire back half shook. [2, 3]

"Good shot, big bro!" she giggled, scrambling to retrieve it from the bushes. [3]

From the front porch, their mum leaned against the doorframe, a gentle smile softening her tired face. With her husband deployed on army patrol, the house always felt a little too quiet on Sunday evenings, but the kids kept the backyard full of life. [2, 5]

"Alright, you lot," she called out, dusting off her apron. "Wash your paws. Dinner's almost ready."

Rusty caught the ball from Dusty and tucked the wooden bat under his arm. As Digger headed inside, Rusty lingered by the fence for a moment, looking down the street. It had been a long few months since his dad had been back home, and even though they played Army at school every day to feel brave, Rusty still felt a little pang of loneliness whenever the sun started to set. [5, 6, 7]

A heavy paw dropped onto his shoulder. He looked up to see Digger looking down at him, his expression softer than usual. [4]

"He'll be home before you know it, mate," Digger said quietly, mirroring the exact words their dad usually said. "Come on. Let's go see what Mum made." [8]

Rusty smiled, his chest swelling with a bit of that Red Kelpie pride. He gave his brother a quick nod, and together, they raced Dusty up the porch steps and into the warm light of the kitchen. [2, 9]

If you would like to continue exploring stories about Rusty's family, I can help expand this one! Tell me:

- What **conflict or challenge** do they face next? (e.g., a stormy day, a letter arriving from Dad, or a school scrap?)
- Who else should **join the story**? (e.g., Jack Russell, Indy, or Bluey?)
- What **tone** would you prefer? (e.g., heartfelt, humorous, or full of adventure?)

[1] https://www.youtube.com

[2] https://blueypedia.fandom.com

[3] https://www.fanfiction.net

[4] https://www.youtube.com

[5] https://www.bluey.tv

[6] https://www.fanfiction.net

[7] https://archiveofourown.org

[8] https://www.youtube.com

[9] https://embed.wattpad.com

The roaring cheers of thousands of dogs echoed off the brick facades of the Brisbane town square, creating a deafening wall of pure joy. Right in the center of the massive plaza, under the warm afternoon sun, the Kelpie family stood side-by-side, their red coats shining and their tails wagging in perfect sync.

For the first time in almost a year, Dad was home from deployment—and the whole city was celebrating.

"Alright, Kelpies!" Dad grinned, adjusting his army beret with a wink. "Show 'em what we've got!"

Mum took Dad's paw, her face glowing with pure happiness. Rusty gripped Digger's shoulder with an excited yip, while little Dusty bounced on her toes, completely unfazed by the sea of cheering faces.

A upbeat, swinging accordion tune began to pump through the square's massive speakers.

Instantly, the family burst into motion. They didn't just dance—they moved with the high-octane energy only a family of working Kelpies could muster. Dad lifted Dusty onto his shoulders, spinning her around as she cheered and threw her paws in the air. Rusty and Digger kicked off a synchronized routine, side-stepping, leaping, and clapping their paws to the beat while the crowd clapped along in a massive, thunderous rhythm.

Mum and Dad took the center, spinning gracefully before breaking into a hilariously fast-paced heel-and-toe jig.

Every time Rusty caught the eye of a dog in the crowd, he saw smiling faces, cameras flashing, and hands waving. Bluey, Bingo, and Jack were right at the front barrier, jumping up and down and whistling at the top of their lungs.

For the grand finale, the music swelled. Dad grabbed Mum's paws, spinning her out and pulling her back into a dramatic dip. Rusty and Digger launched themselves into simultaneous, spectacular backflips, landing perfectly on the beat, while Dusty slid right between their legs with a triumphant jazz-paws finish.

LITERATURE

Bluey: A New Beginning: Chapter 3: Dinner Date

Deviation Actions

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Literature Text

The next morning arrived at Brandy's house. Brandy, awakened by her alarm clock going off, reaches her hand out and presses the button, which turns it off. She then sits up, yawns, and rubs her eyes.

Brandy sighs. "Another day, another chance to see Shelton again." She said as she got up from the bed to go downstairs to have her usual breakfast.

Meanwhile, at Shelton's place, Shelton was doing the same thing. He ate his breakfast, then he drank the milk out of the bowl after he ate all of the cereal that was in the bowl. Shelton inhales, then he exhales long and soft.

"Now that's refreshing." He said as he put the dishes into the dishwasher.

Shelton then went into the pantry and grabbed the bird food. Then, he made his way outside and into his bird house where his four macaws were sitting. His macaws were absolutely gorgeous. Their beautiful colours stood out to them. They were all male since Shelton didn't

want to have any bird babies littering his mansion. As Shelton opened the door to the bird house, he greeted his birds joyfully.

“G’day, boys!” He said, “I have your morning breakfast for you.”

The macaws squawked loudly as Shelton opened the bird food bag. Because of how loud his macaws are, he put some sound pads all around the room except for the roof of the bird house. Shelton had set it up that way because it would not be able to bother his nextdoor neighbours if his macaws squawked loudly. As Shelton gave each of his macaws a morning snack, he patted each of their heads, their feathers soft and smooth. The macaws squawked happily as he patted their heads.

“You are still the best pets I’ve had.” Shelton said to his birds. “Now I’ll be heading back to my mansion. You boys better behave yourselves.”

One of his macaws lets out a squawk at the reminder from Shelton.

“Good boys.” Shelton said happily. “ See you, mates.”

As Shelton exited the bird house, he went back into his mansion, went to the living room area, then laid down on the couch. He then began to think back on what happened yesterday when Brandy gave him a kiss after he gave her an IVF surgery.

“Oh, yeah.” He said as he remembered what he said to her. “I have to plan a night out somewhere. There’s so many choices, that I can’t decide what to pick.”

Shelton began to think for a moment, before an idea finally came to his head.

“Aha!” He said as he raised his finger in the air once the idea came into his head. “I’ll invite her to a restaurant. But the real question is, what restaurant should I pick for the both of us?”

Shelton pondered the next question for a bit before the next idea came into his head.

“I’m sure that Brandy will like this restaurant choice.” Shelton said as he grabbed out his phone to text Brandy. “The Chopped Leaf.”

After Shelton’s restaurant choice was picked, he began texting Brandy. This is what he typed:

“Hey, Brandy.

I hope you had a great day yesterday after the surgery. I was thinking about what place we should go to, which I think would be a splendid idea since yesterday when you kissed me on the lips.

I picked a nice restaurant for the both of us. The restaurant is called “The Chopped Leaf”. I know you’ll love this restaurant as much as I do. And the time for our dinner will be 5:30PM.

So make sure you’re dressed nicely and I’ll be picking you up at 5:00PM tonight. See you there.

Love, Shelton.”

After typing the message, Shelton sent it to Brandy.

Meanwhile, Brandy had just finished putting all of the dishes away after she had her breakfast. Just then, her phone buzzed. She grabbed her phone, and saw the message that Shelton sent to her.

After reading the whole thing, she couldn’t help but grin at the invitation to The Chopped Leaf. “Oh, wow.” She beamed. “This is wonderful. I’ve never been there, but I’m sure this will sound lovely.”

Brandy sent Shelton a message back, saying that she’ll be delighted to go out with him to The Chopped Leaf. After she sent Shelton the message, she then got a reply from him. It said:

“Great! See you there, baby.”

Followed by the reply was some heart and kiss emojis.

Brandy giggled and her cheeks flushed red after reading the reply. “Oh, Shelton. He’s a very delightful person.” She said soothingly.

The second half of the day went by normally. Shelton was having some lunch at his mansion while Brandy had lunch at her house. On Shelton’s side of things, he finished his lunch and was putting the dishes into his dishwasher. He didn’t order anything, nor did he go and get some food at a restaurant, he had some leftovers.

As time went by, Shelton continued doing his regular way of doing things in his mansion. He watched TV, he spent time with his macaws, he cleaned his bed, all that jazz.

But when 4:30pm came, Shelton went into his closet, and began looking for the right suit to wear for his planned dinner date with Brandy.

“Now what should I wear?” He asked himself. “There’s gotta be a good one somewhere in this closet.”

He slowly walked through his closet, scanning for the rightful suit to wear, until he found the rightful one.

“Ah..” Shelton said as he found his jet black suit and bowtie. “This should be a good suit to wear.”

It took a few minutes to put on the suit, but after Shelton finally put it on, he went into his bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He gave his reflection the finger guns as he gave off a smirk.

“Looking good, Shel.” He said, “Now you’re sure to surprise Brandy with this look.”

After he made one final adjustment to his bowtie and combed his front hair back just to make it smooth, he headed downstairs to the front door, grabbed his keys and wallet, and headed out the door to go and pick up Brandy.

As soon as Shelton arrived, he got out of the car to knock on Brandy’s door.

“Oh, Brandy.” Shelton called out after knocking on the door five times. “I’m here to pick you up. Are you ready?”

After Shelton called out to Brandy, the door opened, and what Shelton saw, made his eyes widen and gave out a wolf whistle. There, standing in front of him after the door opened, was Brandy herself.

She was dressed in a beautiful red nightgown, she had a daisy in her hair, and the most astounding bit about how she looked was that she was wearing makeup which included lipstick, the eyeshadow, and longer eyelashes.

“Hey there, Shelton.” Brandy said joyfully, holding her hands together and making a jovial expression while her bag rested on her shoulder. “Do you like my nightgown?”

“Baby, your nightgown is gorgeous. You look very lovely, especially with the makeup.” Shelton said happily.

Brandy giggled as she blushed red. “Thank you.” She said, “And look at that suit. You look really dashing, Shelton.”

“Aww, thank you, Brandy.” Shelton said as his cheeks blushed red as well. “Now shall we head to The Chopped Leaf?”

“Lets.” Brandy replied as she followed Shelton to the car and got into the seat.

After their seatbelts were buckled, Shelton turned on the ignition, and at last, they drove to The Chopped Leaf. It took only a few minutes to find the restaurant, but as soon as they got there, Shelton parked his car, then he and Brandy got out of the car. Together, they made their way to the entrance. As they walked in, they couldn't help but smile as they admired the interior of the place.

"Wow." Brandy said softly and slowly. "This is amazing. How many times have you been here?"

"I've been here many times in my life." Shelton replied. "I always go for the caesar salad since that tends to be my favourite kind of salad."

Just then, the waitress, who was a Belgian Malinois, came by when they caught sight of Brandy and Shelton.

"Hello." They said, greeting them with a wave. "How are you two doing today?"

"Good." Shelton replied. "We're doing just fine."

"Great." The waitress said joyfully. "There's a seat just over there for the both of you."

"Thank you." Brandy said as she and Shelton sat down in their seats on either side from each other next to the window.

The waitress then grabbed out their pen and notepad. "Care for any drinks?" They asked.

“I’ll just have a regular glass of water, please.” Shelton replied.

“I’ll have a regular glass of water as well, please.” Brandy replied also.

“Ok.” The waitress said as they wrote down the order for their drinks. “Your orders will be here soon.”

As the waitress went to get their drink order, Shelton and Brandy took their moment to look out the window to see all of the pedestrians walking down the street.

“So, Brandy,” Shelton spoke up. “Have you been here before, or is this your first time?”

“Uh..” Brandy pondered before replying. “I have been here maybe a few times before, but I just have a sandwich here. I buy salads from the store.”

“I see.” Shelton said, “What’s your favourite sandwich from The Chopped Leaf?”

“So far,” Brandy replied. “My favourite sandwich from this place is the cranberry pesto. Really delicious sandwich, I tell you.”

Shelton nodded his head in agreement. After a while of chatting and telling stories, the waitress came and served them their drinks. The two of them took a moment to sip their glasses of water. They felt extremely refreshed after a nice drink of the average everyday liquid. The ice cubes in the drinks clattered gently along the edges of the glass as Shelton and Brandy took a sip each time. The waitress came back again with the notepad and pen ready for them to write down their actual orders.

“So have you decided what you like to eat?” They asked.

“Sure.” Shelton said as he went first. “I’ll have the caesar salad, please.”

“And I’ll have the cranberry pesto sandwich, please.” Brandy said also.

The waitress wrote down their order. “Okay. Your orders will arrive soon.” They said, writing down the cranberry pesto that Brandy ordered.

As the waitress walked off to get their orders ready, Shelton began to speak up again.

“So about the address that I gave to you during the day before yesterday,” Shelton began. “My house isn’t exactly a house at all. It’s a mansion.”

“A mansion?” Brandy questioned with curiosity.

“Yes.” Shelton continued. “And I’ll tell you how I got it.” He leaned in a bit closer to Brandy before he went on. “I got the mansion to myself four years ago. And how I got it was from a lottery ticket I bought. It didn’t cost anything. Those lottery tickets were free. After I got one, I watched the TV to see if the number on my ticket would come up. Somehow, it did. Do you want to know how much the cash prize was?”

“Free lottery tickets, eh?” Brandy asked, still curious. “And what was the amount of money?”

“The amount of money for that lottery ticket,” Shelton leaned in closer to whisper into Brandy’s ear. “It was 50 million AU dollars. And guess what? I won it.” Shelton said, sitting back down with a smirk on his face.

Brandy’s eyes widened at the cash prize that Shelton had won. She never thought that anyone in the world would earn that much money, but this surprised her. “Oh, my gosh.” Brandy whispered. “50 million AU dollars? How is that possible? You must have been lucky.”

“You bet, baby.” Shelton said, “I even felt surprised about winning that much money. So I put all of that into my bank account. The mansion itself cost 10 million Au dollars. So after I bought the property, I moved into it. Then I bought more things like some pets, my car, all the stuff I need for the mansion like food and whatnot, and pretty much other things.”

“Well, isn’t that wonderful?” Brandy said, “You must be the luckiest man that I have ever met.”

After a short moment, the waitress returned with their food. “Here you go, you two.” They said cheerfully. “Enjoy your food.”

Shelton and Brandy thanked the waitress and began to chew their food. Shelton ate his salad while Brandy ate her sandwich. As they were eating their food, Brandy began to speak.

“How’s your salad, Shelton?” She asked.

“Delightful.” Shelton replied cheerfully. “How’s your sandwich?”

“Oh, it’s really amazing to say the least.” Brandy replied also. “The sauce makes it better to eat once you dip the food in there.” She then looked at Shelton again, eager to hear more about his current life. “So is there anything else you want to share with me?”

Shelton nodded his head. “Yes. This one is about my macaws.” He began. “I got four of those beauties. And they’re all male birds too. And these guys are the most gorgeous beings that I’ve ever adopted. Wanna know what their names are?”

“What are their names, exactly?” Brandy asked.

“Their names are Clark, Lance, Marcel, and Stewart.” Shelton replied. “Each of them have their own unique personalities despite having the personality of an average everyday macaw. You know, being smart and loud.”

Brandy laughed at the names of Shelton’s macaws. “They all sound like a fun bunch.” She said, “And on a scale of 1 to 10, how well-behaved are they?”

Shelton grinned. “A definite 10, babe.” He replied. “All birds of this type are super smart, obviously. And I wanted to adopt a bird like this not just because of their bright and beautiful colours and their smartness, but because they helped me not feel lonely anymore.”

Brandy smiled warmly. She couldn’t help but feel such appreciation and awe for Shelton. From his stories about his lucky fortune, to his story about his birds, Brandy was truly in a world of friendship with her new boyfriend. As they finished up with their food, they waited until the waitress came back and collected the plates.

“How was the food?” They asked.

“Delicate and delicious.” Shelton and Brandy said in unison.

“Good to hear.” The waitress said, “Now do you want a receipt, or no?”

As the waitress grabbed out the credit card register device, Brandy raised her hand. “We’ll take a receipt, please. I’ll pay for it all.” She said as she pulled out her wallet.

Shelton was surprised by this. “Woah. Brandy that’s very thoughtful of you. Why are you paying for all of it?” He asked.

Brandy turned to Shelton with a warm smile. “Shelton. You’ve been so kind to invite me out to The Chopped Leaf today, it was the least that I can do.” She said softly.

“Aww.” Shelton cooed, clutching his chest gently. “You’re the most thoughtful woman ever. Thanks.”

Brandy blushed, then she paid for the food and got the receipt afterwards.

“Thank you.” The waitress said, “Enjoy the rest of your day, you two.”

As Shelton and Brandy made their way out of the restaurant, and back to the SUV, Shelton then had an idea in his head. He thought about having his new girlfriend stay over at his mansion for one night. He knew that Brandy would fall head over heels in love with his beautiful mansion.

“Hey, Brandy.” Shelton said, turning to face Brandy. “Do you want to spend the night at my place? You’ll love it there as much as I do.”

Brandy thought about that for a bit. “Shelton, I would love to visit your mansion. It would be nice to see what you have going on at your place.”

Shelton beamed. “Well, then hop on inside, M’lady. Your ride awaits you.” He said in a gentlemanly manner before opening the passenger door for Brandy.

Brandy giggled at Shelton’s gesture. “Why thank you very much, Sir Shelton.”

Shelton laughed as well. He then closed the passenger door, then got on the driver side, closed the driver door, and buckled his seat belt.

“First of all,” Brandy added. “I want to get some of my stuff first before I see what your mansion is like.”

“Okay.” Shelton replied as he turned on the ignition. “First stop, your house.”

As they drove out of the restaurant parking lot, Brandy leaned the chair back, then leaned herself back onto the seat, putting her hands behind her head and sighing happily, the hum of the engine of Shelton’s car lulling her to sleep. The drive back to Brandy’s place wasn’t far, but once Brandy gets her stuff together to spend the night with her new boyfriend, things will go grandly for Brandy once she sees Shelton mansion for the very first time.

LITERATURE

Bluey: A New Beginning: Chapter 4: Mansion Tour

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Literature Text

During the afternoon, Shelton was in his SUV, parked next to the curb where Brandy's house sits, and he was scrolling through his phone as he waited for his girlfriend to come out of the door. Then, the door opened, and there was Brandy. She not only had her usual green bag, but she also had an extra bag with her that had all of her belongings. Shelton unlocked the SUV door for Brandy, then Brandy put her bags in the back seat, then she got on the passenger seat up front. She closed the door, buckled her seat belt, and looked at Shelton with a happy expression.

"I got all my things, Shelton." Brandy said happily. "I double checked to make sure I had all the things I needed to spend a night or two at your place."

“That’s great.” Shelton also said happily. “I think two nights at my place would be good for you, what do you think?”

“I would love to spend two nights with you.” Brandy replied. “I don’t know what your mansion would look like, but-”

“I think you’ll love my mansion.” Shelton said, cutting off Brandy. “Let’s not get too excited about it, okay?”

Brandy giggled. “Okay, okay, Shelton.” She said, “I’ll hold it in.”

Shelton smirked as he turned on the ignition. As they finally drove off to head to the mansion, Brandy laid back on the seat and sighed. It took a long while, but as Shelton finally made it back to his mansion, he grinned. He then turned to Brandy, who was still resting from the long trip down the road.

“Babe. We’re here.” Shelton said, gently shaking Brandy’s shoulder.

Brandy began to open her eyelids. She gently rubbed them as she put the seat up.

“We’re here?” She asked.

“Yep.” Shelton replied. “I just gotta open the gates first.”

Shelton got out of his SUV, walked to the gates with the words reading “Welcome” on both sides, and began to type in the password on the keypad. Since the gates were automatic, the doors began to open after Shelton typed the password on the keypad. Shelton then got back into his SUV and drove the car through. The doors automatically closed. After Shelton parked his SUV outside of the garage, he turned the car off, went to the other side, and opened the door for Brandy, offering her his hand as she stepped out of the vehicle.

“Well, baby? What do you think of it?” Shelton asked Brandy as they walked to the front of the mansion.

Brandy’s eyes widened as she looked all around the building. The mansion was 3 stories tall with a balcony area on the rooftop. The design of the mansion itself was beautiful. Brandy couldn’t believe her own eyes.

“Wow.” She breathed. “Shelton, this looks amazing on the outside.”

“Wait until you see the interior.” Shelton smirked, raising a finger. “Come on.”

Brandy followed Shelton to the front door. As Shelton stepped onto the welcome mat, he brushed his feet on it before getting the key to his mansion and putting the key into the lock. Brandy was still following behind after Shelton got the door open. She was about to walk in with Shelton before Shelton put his hand out in front of her, stopping her in her tracks.

“Wait.” Shelton said, his tone sounding like an airplane announcer. “Please make sure to wipe your feet in case they're dirty.”

Brandy looked down at the welcome mat. It was dark green, fuzzy and soft, and it had a phrase on it. The phrase read, “Paradise In Oz”. Brandy chuckled at the slang in the welcome mat

before stepping on it and brushing her feet on it. Shelton then cleared his throat quietly before putting his hands behind his back.

“Brandy Cattle,” He said, bowing low in a gentlemanly fashion and pointing his hands in the direction of where Brandy was going. “Welcome to my beautiful and wonderful paradise.”

As soon as Brandy walked through the door and into the mansion, her eyes widened even more than before. She gasped as she took in the opulent surroundings of the interior.

“Oh, my goodness.” She said slowly, her voice soft and low.

The entrance hallway was spacious and grand. Next to them, was a sweeping staircase that went all the way up and down to the basement area and the next 2 floors and the rooftop. The floors that Shelton and Brandy walked on are polished marble, the walls that Brandy examined are the same material as the wall, the walls also had expensive-looking art pieces, most of them were either pictures of famous people, and some were of Shelton’s relatives. As they walked through the grand hallway of the mansion, they ended up at the living area with chairs, couches, and a fireplace accompanying it.

“Shelton.” Brandy said, almost sounding like she’s about to faint. “This is just..”

She paused her words, turning to Shelton with a jovial expression on her face.

“This is just gorgeous.” She said, finishing what she was stuttering to say. “I love this living area along with that hallway.”

“Every room in my place is very spacious.” Shelton replied. He then pointed to the fully-stocked bar on the left. “This is my bar where I have some strong drinks. I usually just go for a diet soda.”

“Oh, wow. A fully-stocked bar in your home.” Brandy said astonishingly.

Shelton then pointed to the right. “That is the kitchen and dining area, as you would have expected.” He said.

“Your kitchen is bigger than mine.” Brandy said, almost sounding speechless. “Even the dining table is huge, and the chairs are fancy.”

“I’ve got all the types, babe.” Shelton added. “The spinning chairs, the stationary ones, recliners, and the big comfy couches.”

Brandy giggled before moving on to the next area. They walked to the next door. This one leads into the backyard. As Shelton opened the door, he and Brandy walked outside to get a good view of the backyard.

“So this is my backyard.” Shelton explained as he began pointing out each building in the backyard. “This is my lovely swimming pool. The pool cleaner is already there. Over there, is where all of the floats are as well as my very own jacuzzi. Just the usual donut floaties, noodle floaties, and water guns. Over there at the very back there is the shed, where I keep all of my stuff for mowing the lawn. I also keep a drivable lawn mower there. My gardening stuff is in there too. That is my garden. This is where I grow all of my beautiful flowers. And finally, we have the bird house. This is where I go to feed my gorgeous macaws. You’ll meet them later on.”

“Your backyard is amazing, Shelton.” Brandy said, amazed by all of it. “I really love the big pool.”

They then went inside and into the garage. “This is my garage interior. This is where my cars go.” Shelton explained again. He then points to his other car. “That sports car right there? That is a 2018 Brabham BT62. Expensive, but really gorgeous car, that is.”

“I can see.” Brandy smirked. “And do you keep all of the other tools in here?”

“Yes.” Selton replied. “And I also own an A Class Motorhome. I keep it tarped in a sheet. So whenever I decide to go camping, I can unwrap it from the tarp, then I get my gear, then I head out to the open road to any campsite there is.”

Brandy nodded her head understandably. “Do you also own a speed boat with its own trailer? I’m just curious.”

“I do.” Shelton replied. “It’s a Malibu speed boat. And I also have a trailer hitch that attaches to my SUV. So whenever I need to tow my boat, or tow the trailer that I use to store my sports car whenever I go to a car show, I can do the same things like my motorhome.”

“Two trailers for a specific vehicle?” Brandy said, almost sounding speechless. “You’re really something else when it comes to owning certain things, you know that?”

“Who cares?” Shelton laughed. “I’m rich.”

Next, they made their way up to the second floor by going up the spiraling staircase. Their next stop was a spare bedroom.

“This, babe, is one of the 6 spare bedrooms with their own closet and bathroom.” Shelton explained. “All of these spare bedrooms are the same on the second and on the third floor.”

“Right.” Brandy nodded. “I guess six spare bedrooms are better than one.”

They chuckled before moving on to the bonus room.

“This is my bonus room.” Shelton explained again. “In here, you’ve got the big 8K Television, and on the shelves next to and below the TV, are game consoles as well as games for the specific console.”

“Wow.” Brandy said, “You were right about you being a gamer. No wonder why you have those consoles.”

As they walked out of the bonus room, Brandy began to speak again.

“By the way, I also like the balcony that looks over the main floor.” She commented.

“Do you, now?” Shelton smirked. “Well, that’s why the third floor has another balcony that looks over the main floor too. But, let’s head to the very top.”

As Shelton and Brandy made their way to the rooftop of the house, Shelton opened the doors, and Brandy widened her eyes at what she was seeing. Of course it was a balcony, but this one was bigger and more spacious.

“Crikey.” Brandy exclaimed before pointing to the telescope. “You even have your own telescope up here.”

She looked through the telescope and awed with amazement. She couldn’t help but feel more astonished about the rooftop balcony than the backyard.

“Neat, eh?” Shelton asked.

“Shelton, this telescope makes viewing the neighbourhood of Brisbane even more stunning.” Brandy replied. “I love it.”

Shelton chuckled bashfully before gently squeezing Brandy’s hand and taking her back inside. “Next stop, is the basement.” He said.

They walked down the spiraling staircase like a swirling tornado as they made their way down to the basement area.

“This is my basement.” Shelton explained once more. “This is the first part of it, which is the dance floor. It’s where I keep all things related to a typical everyday dance floor.”

“I see.” Brandy nodded. “Anything else in the basement?

“I’ll show you.” Shelton said, walking to each room while he explained everything. “This room is the music room, where I keep all of these instruments. This is my studio, where I have some greenscreen sheets if I want to make a trending video or fancy image. This is my workout area, where I keep a ton of workout equipment. And this is my storage area, where stuff that I don’t use anymore gets put in here for safe keeping.”

“Even your whole basement is organized.” Brandy said, “So is that it?”

Shelton chuckled again. “No.” He said, “There’s still more to see. Come on, baby, I’ll show you my macaws.”

They made their way back to the main floor, Shelton settled Brandy down on one of the dining room chairs, and he went outside to get his macaws from the bird house. At the bird house, the macaws were settling in before Shelton opened the door. They squawked as Shelton entered the building.

“Come on, boys.” He said in a sing-songy tone. “I have a special guest for you to meet.”

The macaws obliged and walked to his arms to hang on. Shelton exited the door of the bird house and closed the door behind him. Then he went inside of his mansion to greet Brandy.

“Hello.” Shelton cheerfully said to Brandy as he walked through the door, mindful of his macaws on his arms. “I want you to meet my four gorgeous macaws.”

Shelton held out his arms. The macaws eyed Brandy with curiosity before squawking with joy when seeing her for the first time.

“Brandy.” Shelton announced as he presented his birds. “This is Clark, Lance, Marcel, and Stewart.”

“Woah.” Brandy astonishedly said, “These birds of yours are oh, so adorable.”

She reached her hand out to let one of them inspect her. Clark, the scarlet macaw, walked onto Brandy’s arm before cooing with joy and rubbing his head on hers.

Brandy giggled as Clark rubbed his head on hers. “I love their colours.” She said, “They are very beautiful.”

“I know.” Shelton replied. “That’s why I adopted them. Because their colours are bright and that’s the point of how gorgeous they are.”

“And how often do they do their business of dropping their bombs?” Brandy asked. “And are they potty-trained?”

“For the first question,” Shelton began to reply. “The boys go for their daily poop droppings every 10 to 30 minutes. And for the second question, they are potty-trained. So whenever they know that they’re gonna drop their bombs, they go to any of the little bird towers in the mansion, and they do their business as usual. They also tend to use the toilet too.”

Brandy chuckled once more. “That’s kind of ironic.” She said, “Anyway, what is your best-for-last spot of this mansion that you want to show me next?”

“Follow me, M’lady.” Shelton said in a gentlemanly fashion, offering his hand to Brandy.

After Brandy gave Shelton's hand gentle squeeze, they made their way back up the stairs, the macaws still holding on as they made every step of the way.

"And I also forgot to mention to you that I also have a workplace room on the third floor." Shelton spoke up. "I have two computers set up. One for working, and one for gaming."

"And what specific part of the third floor is that room located?" Brandy asked.

"You'll see." Shelton replied, raising a finger as he said that.

After heading up to the third floor again, Shelton made his way to his own bedroom as Brandy followed him. Shelton, still mindful of his macaws on his arm, opened the door to his room. Immediately afterwards, the macaws began to flutter over to the overhead structure that perched over his bed. As Brandy stepped into the room, she gasped with shock as her eyes scanned all over the room.

"Shelton." She said, her hand still covering her mouth in shock. "This is your room?"

"Well, it's not a stylish-type room, but it's spacious." Shelton replied. "Not trying to have every room in the house overstyled with all this stuff."

Shelton began to point out everything that the bedroom offered. "So this," He began to explain. "Is my bed. It's pretty much the best bed I have because everything on this bed is extremely soft. From the pillows, to the sheets, the comforter, the pillow cases, and the mattress. This one above my bed is a perching area for when the macaws come to sleep if they don't want to sleep in their bird house. It's also big enough so that it can catch their bombs. This is the door to the closet, where I keep my clothes here. And speaking of clothes, we're still wearing our night-out clothes."

“Oh. Yeah.” Brandy said, realizing that she still had her nightgown on her. “We’ll take those off soon.”

“Anyway,” Shelton said, continuing his explanation. “This is my own bathroom. Just like my bedroom, it’s very spacious and it has a big shower and a double sink. And finally, this room right here, this is my workplace room. This is where I work and play games on the PC. It’s also very spacious too.” He then puts his hands on his hips as he closes the door to the workplace room. “Well, M’lady, that concludes the tour of my mansion. What’s your opinion on it so far?”

“I.. love it.” Brandy said, “I have never been in something like this before. It is just beautiful.” She took a seat on the bed, her hand roaming over it and feeling the said softness of the comforter itself. “And this is the best comforter texture I’ve ever felt.” Brandy continued.

Shelton sat down next to Brandy. “Do you want anything to eat or drink?” He asked. “I can get you a glass of water.”

“No thank you.” Brandy replied. “I’m all stuffed up for today after that dinner date at The Chopped Leaf.”

“So am I, baby.” Shelton said back.

He then checked the time on his watch. It was already 9 in the afternoon. The tour went on for quite a while ever since his date with Brandy and the stopover to her house.

“Wow. It’s getting late.” Shelton said, “Let’s get ready for bed, babe. How tired are you after that tour?”

“Well, since you said that.” Brandy replied, yawning. “I feel like having a good night’s rest after walking around this huge place of yours.”

With that, Brandy and Shelton took off their suit and tie and nightgown respectively, Brandy got rid of her makeup and daisy, and finally, the both of them got into the bed, the soft and comforting texture of the sheets and pillows making them sigh with contentment and relaxation. The both of them lay on their backs. Brandy looked over and turned her head to look at Shelton. Then, she turned her body to the side to face him.

“You know, Shelton.” She began, getting Shelton’s attention as he looked over and turned his head. “After all that has happened today, yesterday, the day of the surgery, and the day we first met, I feel like I’m starting to see a connection between the two of us.”

“Same here, Brandy.” Shelton replied. “I not only saw you as a woman who was desperate to achieve the things that they wanted, but I saw you as something else. I saw you as a beautiful woman with a pretty face and a gorgeous and loving smile. There was something about you that made me feel so awestruck when I first met you.”

“I know.” Brandy giggled. “And you’re still a very handsome individual. It gives me great gratitude to say that after what we have done for the past 3 days up until your wonderful tour that you have given me of this mansion, you are now officially considered to be my boyfriend.”

“And it gives me great gratitude to officially grant you as my girlfriend.” Shelton said back.

Brandy giggled once more, her cheeks flushing with red as she smiled with happiness. Shelton then turned over to his side to turn off the light. “Goodnight, babe.” He said as he turned off the light.

“Sweet dreams, my saviour.” Brandy replied back as she turned over to turn off the light on her side.

The rest of the night went on normally. Shelton and Brandy’s soft breathing filled the room as they went to sleep. Ever since the events of when they went to The Chopped Leaf together, what would these two loving soulmates plan next? Would they go to a park? Would they visit the sandy shoreline? Would they eat at another restaurant? Who knows? But what’s important is that these two lovebirds are on a journey, a journey to the brightest future of all.

The fourth chapter to my fanfic is finally here. It took long because I wanted to list down everything that Shelton's mansion had

It's here, people. Chapter 3 of my fanfic is posted.

I have never been to The Chopped Leaf before, but all I can say is that it's one of the healthiest restaurants in the world.